

THE

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THE EDUCATION OF THE BLOOD.

THE flight of an old year, and the arrival of a new one, are things with which, alas! we are now familiarized by much repetition; yet each recurrence makes an epoch, and offers to those who think at all, an occasion to look backward, and forward, and around. To do this wisely, we should do it with an universal eye to the history and destinies of humanity; we should lose sight of self, and merge all minor and transitory hopes and fears in the vast interests of a race, of a species, and of a world. We should make this abstraction first, and to a noble mind it ought to be possible, of individual passions; and we should also guard carefully against that of which we cannot divest ourselves, individual habit and peculiarity of thought and prejudice, the disadvantage for general views of being individual, of having but one system of thought in which our views can be matured, but one speculum or lens of sight through which we can receive them, one memory, one experience, and one wisdom and charity the fruit of both, so far as they have been fruitful. What might a man not give to inhabit for an hour like a spirit in the thoughts of his neighbour! to ransack the palace of his soul, and discover all the uses and all the faults of its furniture, and to come back improved by travel to apply the results to his own, and to learn and to practise a custom of allowing largely for the effect of difference of points of view. Argument is infinite because language is imperfect; but there is a broad basis of established truths from which we all depart; there is a scheme of general results at which we all wish to arrive; and we wrangle and call each other fools, because all are insisting on means which, each for the other, we all perceive to be inadequate.

The hour of reflection is naturally the hour of exhortation; but in this favoured land, and in this enlightened population, we see the general tendencies of things go on so rightly, the universal

sense so sound and just, we believe so fully in the Spirit of the Age, that all the warning and all the exhortation we wish to utter may be summed up in one word, Charity. To tariff and anti-tariff, to Bankite and Loco Foco, to Whig and Tory, we would write as a new commandment—that they love one another. The day is near when charity will become a political watchword, and one of infinite effect and unexampled popularity; for preacher, patriot, and partizan have learned the fable of the sun and the wind, and are learning to practise on its moral. No rocks are mollified in our days with vinegar; the proverb of *suaviter in modo* is better chemistry, and the flintiest hearts incline to give way before it. Let any man think for an instant on his own natural impulse to comply with kind solicitation, and to resist compulsion were it even used for his advantage, and he may judge how much more he can effect in the world by the aid of this principle than against it. Could we candidly and kindly discuss all the points we are contending about at present, we should certainly end by elucidating them, and all agreeing on our future course.

Our material interests are unquestionably all one. We are beginning to realize this and act upon it; our differences now are usually avowedly only personal, and personal preferences must always exist, and always be the source of something like partizanship. But there is a dominion of truth redeemed from error, an area of universal opinion in which all enlightened reasoners agree, the extent of which is hourly increasing, and its rate of increase is constantly accelerated as new principles are developed and enlisted in its advancement. Several such principles, we think, are manifesting new energies, and claiming new importance in the eyes of mankind just now; and it is our object now to point to a few of those which the events of the year just closed have set in conspicuous lights. Some adversaries of truth have received defeats, some allies have had their hands strengthened, and some light has been thrown on things which were bugbears heretofore, and shown that they are harmless. We shall give an instance briefly to each of these points, and close with such remarks as we have space for on the new view of the future, which the lapse of the past year has aided us to take, and the new hopes those views afford us.

And first, we count as an adversary wounded, the old system, of late so much discredited of meeting distinct argument and proof with vague disparagement, of compromising undeniable principles, and deprecating the application of reasoning, of which it is impossible to dispute the force. This dominion of principle is called Radicalism, which implies the opinion, that whatever is good to be-

lieve is good to act on, and that exceptions must be as clearly proved as the rule. Free trade, for instance, is good, that is proved; but it is only argued vaguely and not proved, that the trade in money ought to be an exception. Therefore let us put down the usury laws, and make every body equal in the privilege of banking, and trust our merchants to choose their own pilots, and buy our broad cloths where we can get them best. If there are any exceptions, let us have them proved beyond question, and not allow our energies to be cramped on suspicion; nothing less than demonstration and universal assent will justify it. The rule is liberty, but the madman must be shut up; the rule is protection, but the murderer must be hanged; these are the sort of exceptions supported by the degree of evidence which only ought, in case of imposing legal restraint, to be admitted. And the broad republican, iron-handed common sense way of dealing with such things makes hourly converts; it is more consonant to the simplicity of reason than the hair-splitting system, and more congenial to the ambition and energy of a free people that wishes to be certain of what it knows, to clear the ground it conquers, and lays out its triangles for fresh demonstration and advances.

So much for an enemy; and for a friend, we hail with joy the rapid progress made of late by the feeling whose watchword is Native Americanism. It has just now taken fresh development, but we are of those who have long seen its star approaching, and bent among its worshipers. Now it is high in heaven and will soon be paramount, and little needs our incense; now at last we seem to be about to redeem ourselves from the gross inconsistency of proclaiming that slavery and tyranny are debasers of the human race, and yet admitting their scions to be partners in our councils. Let the guest be received as a guest, and be content if his children are as ours, and for his own protection, let him trust our hospitality without seeking to possess himself of power.

The financial phenomena of the year or two last past are full of instruction, even in the incomplete state of development in which they still are, though a little more time we believe will suffice for the passing away of the present crisis, and the solving of many questions favourably. A vast influx of positive wealth has been received by our country; emigrants, or rather immigrants, have brought us much; but the increased price of our agricultural staples and their increased production under that stimulus, have brought us tenfold more. Large fortunes have been realized in all directions, and larger fortunes have also been imagined by over-sanguine speculators, who have adopted too hastily the confidence that to-morrow shall be as this day and much more abundant. Much of this appearance of wealth,

real or fallacious, still exists, presenting an universality of competence, and a frequency of affluence such as no part of this world ever looked upon before. Now, what has been the consequence? it is worthy of all remark, for croakers have not been wanting to tell us that Mammon would gather us at last in the hollow of his hand and fling us into chaos. Has the influence of wealth increased? It would have been absurd if it had, as it grew more common. Has it not rather visibly diminished? Is it not falling, or has it not fallen, to its proper place in the scale of social powers? as a thing which talent guided by education can certainly acquire in sufficiency, and which in superfluity is as useless as too much food or raiment, or any thing else we cannot make use of? We think it has, and we look on the state of things existing here as a proof that a very general diffusion of wealth in an educated community has a tendency to check and keep in check the two opposite mischievous errors which grow out of want of familiarity with it in less favoured lands; the over-estimate of the luxury of possessing it, which leads to sordid avarice; and the too great expectation of pleasure from its use or abuse, which leads to prodigality. How few examples of either vice are heard of among us.

But in dwelling with joy and hope on the many blessings Providence pours out upon us and around us, there is one consideration which chiefly calls for our admiration and thankfulness in our views of the future, which is, that all these things provide for their own perpetuity and increase. The knowledge by means of which they are bestowed, becomes a part of our atmosphere; the increased aptness for knowledge which each generation of civilized men obtains enters into our circulation, becomes a part of our physical constitution, and is transmitted to our descendants. This facility of acquisition is what the German physiologists call receptivity; it is an adaptation of the brain to the performance of its accustomed functions, which certainly not only exists in the individual in consequence of habit, but appears as a predisposition in his descendants. The child of the savage cannot be broken into civilization; take him from the breast of his mother, and educate him with what care and tenderness you will, he has a yearning for the forest, an instinct which prompts him to cast aside the habiliments and cast off the restraints of society, and return to the blanket and the woods. His blood must be trained and educated, generation after generation must accumulate receptivity as the Anglo-Saxon race has done; his knowledge must become a part of his nature, and those physical organs which serve the mind most immediately, must acquire adaptation and ductility, delicacy of discrimination, and promptness of apprehension. And when the man dies his life is transmitted, his blood still flows, and

his race endures. His trials and their instruction, his enjoyments and their softening influence, his experiences of good and evil, and that enlargement of selfishness to philanthropy which is the effect of a life well spent, these things are not lost, their embryos descend, and in each generation are more easily and largely developed. From father to son the taught man becomes more teachable; the proofs of this abound in all history since the time when the invention of printing first gave stability to human acquirements, and brought the power of the many to bear on the advancement of learning. There is a learning which the many cannot acquire, they are too busy; but knowledge, the result of learning, is simple, and may be widely diffused. Every body knows, for instance, the rudiments of the Copernican system; that is plain, indispensable, simple knowledge. To know what Ptolemy and Tycho Brache and Alphonso of Castile thought of the matter, and who were Galileo's persecutors, is mere learning, curious, but practically useless, and difficult to keep in the memory because disconnected with practice, and use, and daily association. Knowledge, properly so called, is the result of learning; it is concise and clear, easily impressed on the memory and retained, often revived by association and increased by experiment and observation. The fund of it possessed by the people is vast and rapidly accumulating; its sources are multiplying, our receptivity is improving; and where shall the waves be stayed? Let those prescribe limits who desire limitation; but for us, we would rather kneel with clasped hands, and bow down and kiss the earth which God is blessing so abundantly—

“And make his former grace a plea,
And ask him still for more.”

It has been a prevailing error to over-rate the distance in all respects between man and man, and not least in the matter of knowledge. The difference between learning and ignorance is great in effect, but often much less in fact than it appears. If all the facts a learned man knows could be inventoried and counted, and in like manner all that are known to a man whom we call ignorant in comparison—a plain farmer or unpretending mechanic—it is highly probable that for every eleven facts known to the former the latter would know ten. Some experiments on this may be easily made by taking the first subject that occurs, and separating the facts universally known in relation to it from those which are only known to men of science; and we think it is a large estimate to take the latter at ten per cent. on the former. It is this last keystone, perhaps, that makes the arch; it may be this last stratum that makes the reef a fruitful island, this last infusion which tempers, ripens, and leavens

the whole mass ; still it is a small thing in itself, a mere extra dime of knowledge which all might have acquired and retained who have acquired the rest, without any sensible additional effort had it hung within their reach. The obtaining or missing this depends on the accidents of a man's early habits and associations ; and as society has been educated hitherto, few in comparison have been favoured by these accidents. But the number is increasing, and each increase reproduces, multiplies, circulates and familiarizes the existing stock of knowledge ; it intertwines itself more and more with conversation, and identifies itself more and more with the atmosphere and the light of the sun. The knowledge which exists among us in this form, which every person born and living among us must acquire independent of school or study, we call our atmospheric knowledge ; and we say the mass of it is so great, that to add to it the results of all the learning of the schools would at most only be to increase it by a tenth.

But there goes more to this process of atmosphericising knowledge than the mere proclaiming it, or even than the disseminating generally the formulæ and words that contain it ; that may do very well in physics, where a single experiment confirms the truth and fixes it in the memory, but not in ethics and morals. In these sciences, to know a principle is not sufficient ; there is a realizing faith required to make it available, the truth must enter into the constitution of our thought, be assimilated and become a part of it. Many people know many things which they cannot act on at all ; a man knows, for instance, when he is to read a paper to a public meeting that he ought to read clearly and distinctly, and that no harm would come to him of it, but good ; and yet if he wants practice and realization, his voice will tremble and his words stick in his throat. So of a thousand other cases of people who sin against knowledge ; the procrastinating, the intemperate, &c. &c. Every body knows that honesty is the best policy ; yet most men persuade themselves that certain cases of their own are exceptions, and thus undermine the rule. Every body knows that it is best for a man's self to do as he would be done by ; yet every body lets blind passions and short-sighted interests act constantly in disregard of this knowledge. The reason of this is that the knowledge is incomplete, it has not yet descended through generations enough, the air is not yet saturated with it ; and indeed both our air and our race, which we are doing our utmost to improve, are constantly suffering admixtures of the breath and the blood of people whose improvement is here to begin. Still, we say again, improvement does go on ; there is a foundation laid, though there is nothing more, and Time will see a glorious edifice. The world, if it should stop to-day, must be pronounced a failure ;

therefore it is not intended to stop to-day, but the great beginnings we see all around us will be allowed to go on to great ends. Error is mortal and transitory, Truth is immortal and expansive. Error is the curse denounced with a limit to the third and fourth generations; but Truth comes in with the mercy shown unto thousands of thousands of generations, to those who love God and keep his commandments.

Truth is grand, single, unequivocal, and universal. It tolerates no abuse, it acknowledges no moderate, that is partial, reforms, it admits no compromise. In the application of power, whatever cannot be proved to be right, is wrong; and conversely, in the freedom of human action, whatever is not proved to be wrong, is right; let conscience judge the rest. And those who come down, whether into the political or religious arena, to darken instruction by words against this knowledge, are blind guides—blind above all to the impending ruin which threatens themselves and their systems. Let them consider the elements of progress and despair, and let them build on that despair conversion, new hopes, and larger sympathies; let them seek to share the electric impulse which flows from that great chain of thought whose successive links the press perpetuates, and whose continuance is the task we have inherited and must transmit. And we shall transmit not merely accumulated knowledge, but increased facility for acquiring and apprehending more; for we repeat, there is a constitutional education, there is an effect on the physical tides of moral light, as there is one of the sun and moon upon the sea. Vast stores of truth may be essentialized in axioms, and diffused and made as common as the air; while discipline and aptness may enter into our circulation, may come down to us instead of gout or insanity from our fathers, and be imbibed with our mother's milk. The difference between nation and nation lies here, the difference between the darkest and brightest ages of the world; these two intangible but mighty and real existences are the levers humanity is to use in future,—*atmospheric knowledge and the education of the blood.*

"AND ART THOU GONE, BELOVED ONE?"

AND art thou gone, beloved one ?

I ask if this can be ?

I ask if she must sigh alone

Who would have died for thee ?

When danced thy bark upon the wave,

And flared her snowy sail,

As morning to the ocean gave

The grandeur of the gale.

When yonder purple mountain flung

Its shadow on the sea,

When lips were mute, and hands were wrung,

I saw the last of thee.

A moment on the shelving shore

I waved a wild farewell,

But little thought the ocean's roar

Would prove thy parting knell.

I ever thought, beloved one !

Thy gentle eyes would close,

Where rolls the river in the sun,

And blooms the forest rose :

Where Nature like a mother smiles,

And with the voice of praise,

The birds among the forest aisles

Their tuneful pæans raise.

My hopes were vain—thy hurrying feet

The deck in battle trod,

And thence thy spirit went to meet

The sentence of thy God.

Aye, proud and noble was thy fall

Amid the fiery fight,

While over thee, and over all,

The spangled flag was bright.

No mercenary sword was thine,

No monarch claimed its aid ;

But Freedom's foes beheld it shine

A bright and spotless blade.

And ever be thy laurel wreath

Green as thine ocean grave !

And dear thy memory as the breath

Of spice-winds on the wave.

THE SPANISH LADY AND THE ENGLISH KNIGHT.*

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

"Will you hear a Spanish lady
How she wooed an English man?"
OLD BALLAD.

"She *ever* told her love,
Nor let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Prey on her *olive* cheek."
SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED.

Lady. SIR KNIGHT, I pray thee, leave me not alone,
And go not hence, unless thou tak'st me also!
'Tis true, you made descent upon our town—
You English soldiers—and as falcons swoop
Upon their prey, you took our ladies captive:
(Ah, would such sweet captivity might last!)
Our bodies were your prisoners, and, alas!
Our hearts are prisoners too. And now you go
Home to your happy England, you release
Our bodies, but you cannot free our hearts.
Mine is a prisoner ever to thy will,
And, bound in willing chains, 't will share thy voyage
And dwell with thee at home. Do not obey,
Most courteous knight, the order, just received,
To set the ladies free—but hold me still
Thy captive! Bear me hence to England!
I'll be thy wife, thy handmaid, or thy slave:—
For thou hast won my love—and I've no shame
In making this confession, but am proud
Of my true love.

Knight. And can'st thou love me, lady!
Whom thou know'st well to be thy country's foe?
Indeed, indeed—conceal'st thou not some purpose
Of vengeance by this fair pretence, this love
Ingenuously told—these cozening words?
Lurks there not death in these thick-growing flowers?
I've read, in Eastern story, that thy sex,
When wronged, will seek a stealthy retribution,
With tread as soft and eye as brightly keen
As the lone tigress, through the shadowy palms
Spying the hand that stole her darling young.
Seek'st thou not, lady, to revenge thyself;
Because, amid the clash of glittering steel,
The fall of banners, and the carnage dire,

* For the main story, though not for the catastrophe, of this sketch, I am indebted to the beautiful old ballad, entitled "THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE;" the two first verses of which are prefixed as one of my mottoes. P. B.

I made thee captive, and have kept thee here
These many tedious days? Wilt tell me, sooth?

Lady. Ah, cruel thought! must love so true as mine
Meet with unkind requital, with repulse?
Trust me, fair sir, I'm thine and only thine.
Oh, blessed was the season and the hour,
When English men first came on Spanish ground!
If such, by common voice, our foes be called,
We've found most gentle and most welcome foes.
Once more I tell thee—with our guarded town
Surrendered also our unguarded hearts:
Then to thy country bear away thine own!

Knight. Heaven shield thee, beauteous lady! Rest thee still
In Spain. Rest thee, and weep these bitter tears
No more! Sure there are gallant lovers here
Who'll freely throng to win thy lightest favour;
Who, on the wings of swift Desire, will fly
To merit such sweet smiles; who'll ride amain
Into th' encircled lists to shiver swords
And lances splinter with the best in Spain;
Who'll dare the mad bull in his fiercest rage—
Dressed in the red cloaks of the matadors,
Or on the affrighted steeds around the ring
Bojly career—so thou'lt but drop a glove
For one to wear in cap-band as thy squire!

Lady. Most courteous knight! Know that our Spanish men
Are jealous, fiery, and impetuous brave:
They crush the bloom of tender hearts, they sport
With dear affection:—but you English men
Through all the world are counted true and kind.
Oh, leave me not to some old surly Don,
Who'll keep me shut up in a gloomy tower
With no attendant but a wrinkled crone!
Oh, leave me not to some rash cavalier,
Whose love will cool with his first burning kiss!
See! I am young and tender, with a heart
Untouched save by thine own. Then, gentle sir,
Make me thy wife!—for English wives, they say,
Are blest in their fond husband's constant love.

Knight. Lady, 'twould be a blot upon my shield—
A very shame, to bear a woman hence:
For, without blame, a soldier cannot have
So sweet a solace as a woman's hand
To smooth for him the rugged couch of war.

Lady. I'll quickly change my dress, if this be so—
And, as thy page, will homeward follow thee:
And should some dark assassin strive to pierce
Thy manly heart, when thou art unaware,
I'll twine myself around thee—too much blest
To cast away my life in saving thine!

Knight. I have nor gold nor silver, lady bright,
To keep thee in due maintenance:—to travel

Is charges great at every resting-place
Between this and the rocky English coast.

Lady. And what of that? I've jewels, rings, and chains,
And thou shalt have them all; besides, I've pounds
Of gold full fifty score—these shalt thou have.

Knight. Know'st thou the dangers of the stormy sea?
Hast ever seen the lurid lightning leap
O'er the black billows? Hast thou ever heard
The thunder rolling through their awful dash?
Hast ever been within the fragile ship,
When on the curl'd crest of the mounting wave
She slowly rises, and then downward darts
Like a swift meteor, in the yawning gulf?
Hast ever heard the horrid cries of fear
Uttered by sailors old, when the mast falls
And whips the uncurbed sea, that still bounds on
Like a wild steed? Lady, would'st dare all this
To be my bride?

Lady. Oh yes! in truth I will
Abide all these extremities and more;
For I could find in heart to lose my life
For thee—so thou wilt take me to thy home.

Knight. Alas! most lovely maid,—thou must forego
This fancy strange: I cannot, if I would,
Be thine:—for I've a trusting wife at home,
A sweet dear woman in my English land,
To whom I vowed the sacred marriage-vow,
Which I'll not falsify for gems or gold,
Or all Spain's star-eyed daughters!

Lady. Happy wife!
Thrice happy is her fortune to possess
So true a lord! God send thee blissful days!
I will not woo thee farther, faithful knight:
But pardon crave for my unthought offence
In asking that which was another's boon.
Commend me, oh, commend me to thy wife;
Give her this chain of gold, these bracelets twain—
Tokens I grieved because I was so bold!—
And all my store of jewels take with thee;
For more than me they will befit thy wife.
Now will I spend my days in prayerful fasts
In some lone cell's impenetrable gloom;—
Hearing no music save the holy hymns
Of sister nuns, by dawn and twilight sung:
And I shall die of unrequited love!—

Knight. Nay—droop not thus—droop not, my own dear bride!

Lady. Thy bride! What means—

Knight. Yes! thou shalt be my bride
Within the hour. My heart runs o'er with rapture!
All that I've told thee, love, was but to prove
Thy sweet sincerity. Come to these arms,
Thou dearest! and forgive my stratagem.
From the first moment I beheld thy charms

I felt their dangerous power, and strove to quell
 The rebel, Love, which strove with kingly Reason.
 Think of my deep delight to hear thee say
 Thou lov'dst me—think of my o'erflowing joy
 To find thy love less warm than firm and true!

Lady. Hast thou indeed no wife at home?

Knight. Ah, no!

My life spent in the wars—I never dreamed
 To wed for long, long years; but now the wars
 Are ended—and Spain's vallies smile again,
 And vines grow green in peace, I shall return
 Home to my happy England, not alone!
 For thou shalt be companion of my journey.
 Nor will I trust my treasure to the sea;
 But bear thee homeward o'er the Pyrenees,
 Through the sweet vales of France, where Plenty smiles.
 Thence, will our voyage be short upon the wave
 That severs France from England. Wilt thou go?

Lady. Oh yes! through life, through life—my dearest lord!

Knight. Thy gold and gems I need not. I have lands,
 Broad, fertile, rich—that stretch for miles around
 My old, ancestral castle—revenues
 Have I, that would enrich twenty hidalgos!
 Thou shalt be mistress of them. Come! away!
 Our light-plumed loves shall waft us on, like birds,
 Till we're at home upon our English ground.
 And English lords thy beauty shall extol,
 And ladies own thy bright, surpassing charms:
 Nor shall the lilies of the land be vain
 When they have seen my blushing rose of Spain!

P. B.

"OH THINK OF ME."

Oh think of me, my love, oh, think of me—
 When first the dewy light of thy blue eyes
 Meeteth the Morning's glance—and bright things be
 Brighter because from sleep thou dost arise!

Oh think of me, my love, oh, think of me—
 When Evening's planets see thine eyelids close
 On sweeter beams than theirs—and dark things be
 Darker because thou'rt gone to thy repose!

HERMION.

ADVENTURES OF A MIDSUMMER TOURIST.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a sultry afternoon in August that I was sitting in my office in Court street, poring over the last number of the Jurist. My solitude had a short time before been invaded by an irruption of Irish clients, who, after boring me with a long detail of grievances, had left me without a fee. I was out of humour, and heartily tired of my briefless fate, and of my barren, musty, and unavailing studies.

"I must have some recreation," I exclaimed, flinging the Jurist into a corner—"some respite from this continued drudgery—some rebound from this unremitted tension of the faculties. Here have I been pent up the whole summer in this miserable twelve by fourteen apartment, with a bruised bust of Cicero over my desk, and a box of cigars with Lucifer matches on my mantel-piece. Here have I been cabined, cribbed, confined; while the foam and the sparkles upon the bright goblet of existence have been fast subsiding and disappearing! The wild roses have bloomed, but not for me. The forests have heaped high their masses of foliage, but not to bless my sight. The streams have flashed, and the cataracts have roared, and the great sea has rolled its serried waves and tossed their white feathers upon the beach; but—God of Nature!—I have missed them all. I have lived as if they were not. And how inadequate has been the reward of my abstinence!"

As I turned round suddenly after this sensible monologue, Cicero appeared to be looking at me with such an impertinent sneer upon his lip, that I incontinently dashed my fist in his face, thereby breaking his head, and strewing my floor with the fragments. I then threw my principes out of the window; sent the Lucifer matches to the devil; kicked Chitty on Bills into the chimney corner; threw Coke into the coal-hole; and finished my extravagancies by striking together my hands, clasping them over my head à la Kean, pacing my room at long strides, and soliloquizing aloud:

"Yes—I will leave this fetid atmosphere—these paved and dusty streets—this black hole of Calcutta. I will go off on a pleasant tour. I will. My mind is made up. But whither shall I go? To the White Hills? No—they are too familiar. To Lake

George? I may take it in my way. To the Sulphur Springs? Not the season. To Saratoga? Decidedly too rowdyish. To Winnipiseogee Lake? Beautiful, but unfrequented. To Niagara? Perhaps so. What think you of Quebec? Capital! I have never been there! Wolfe, Montcalm, Montgomery—what associations are connected with the place! And then the St. Lawrence, and Montmorenci, and the Falls of the Chaudière! And I can visit Niagara on my way home. O, the exhilaration of freedom! I already revive. My bosom's lord sits lightlier on its throne. My brain expands—my veins thrill with ——”

My rhapsody was interrupted. As I turned abruptly round, I came in collision with one of my Irish barbarians, who coolly wished the “top of the morning” to me, though it must have been perfectly apparent to him that the sun had long since past its meridian. This was beyond human endurance. Fortunately the door was open and the stairs were near. I am not an indifferent boxer—thanks to John Hudson, the prince of American pugilists. The next moment my unfortunate client took leave of me in a very precipitate manner, performing a rotatory motion down stairs which seemed to facilitate his departure.

Early in the morning I quitted Boston for Concord, from which place I passed through Vermont to the delightful village of Burlington on Lake Champlain. Commend me to Vermont for magnificent scenery. There is a stream which runs into the Connecticut, known on the map as White river; and the scenery along this beautiful tributary is of the most imposing description. The banks are hedged in on either side by an immense range of stupendous hills, some rock-ribbed, frowning, and crowned with sombre pines; but many of them cultivated to the very top, verdant, fertile, and so precipitous and high, that it is with the utmost difficulty the ploughman pursues his hazardous task upon the almost impending slope. The road at the base of these hills and along the margent of the White river, (which is appropriately named, for its waters are like crystal,) is extremely narrow, and in many places formed by the timber hurled down from the hills and imbedded in the edge of the stream. Shall I ever forget that delicious journey through the gorge of those green mountains on that still slumberous afternoon, when the forests were mutely undergoing the resplendent transmutation caused by that successful alchemist, the frost—when the blue sky was unfleckered, save by a few pearly, translucent clouds, majestic in their repose—when the river poured its silver tribute at my feet, and the diversified hills passed like a glorious pageant before my view—and nature, animate and inanimate,

seemed instinct with the subdued joy of passive existence—shall I forget it?

But a truce to rhapsody, which when the fit is over strikes me as very inane stuff. I crossed Lake Champlain in the night-time—gazed on the British encampment of Isle aux Noyes at sunrise—landed soon afterwards at the little Canadian town of St. Johns—and before evening was safely deposited at Goodenough's Hotel in Montreal. I did not remain here long. That same night I embarked on board the noble steamboat St. George for Quebec; and when I issued suddenly from the cabin the next day about noon, behold! we were overshadowed by Cape Diamond, which rose with its impregnable battlements like an exhalation from the edge of the river. The effect was decidedly melodramatic.

CHAPTER II.

It was the third day of my residence in Quebec, and one of those balmy, sunshiny days with blue skies and soft airs, when the man, who does not instinctively bless his Creator, has no music in his soul. I hired a calèche, and rode to the Falls of Montmorenci. My first view of the cascade was from the platform on the right side before crossing the bridge. From this height the effect is grand and imposing, and it makes the brain giddy to look down upon the foaming abyss, where the precipitated waters strike upon the jagged rocks, rolling up a cloud of fine white mist, on whose front a rainbow coronet is set by the sunshine. The falls of Montmorenci are higher by seventy feet than Niagara, but they are much narrower, and the volume of water that sweeps over is of course vastly inferior. Near the foot of the cataract, the whole foam of the falling waters appears to meet like drifting snow, and forming two immense revolving wheels, to be scattered thence into spray or sent lashed into froth over the bed of the torrent.

Crossing the bridge, I hastened to take a view of the falls from the opposite side; and here the smooth bold sweep of the river, and the terrific plunge of its waters over the precipice, may be seen to great advantage. "The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below" is no where more beautifully exemplified.

The path to the foot of the falls is extremely steep and precipitous; and as there are few bushes or shrubs to break your descent, ten chances to one, if you have the temerity to make the attempt, you will pitch down the declivity head over heels into the river. By dint of great precaution I descended in safety—got drenched

with the fine piercing spray which is scattered from the cauldron of foaming waters, and then undertook to return—

"Sed revocare gradum!"

It was in climbing the heights of Montmorenci that I met with the adventure which was destined to be a memorable event in my existence. I had accomplished two thirds of the ascent, and was resting, with one foot upon a small projecting stone, and the other thrust into the earth, while with my left hand I grasped a clump of stout looking grass, when I heard a scream, and looking up, beheld a young lady, who, upon my veracity, was the most beautiful being I ever saw, endeavouring in vain to stop herself from being precipitated down the declivity. Behind her was a middle aged gentleman, who I concluded was her father, making an ineffectual attempt to render her assistance. Down she came, and she looked to me like an angel of light descending from the clouds. She was dressed in a simple nankin riding habit, trimmed with green, (I recollect it as well as if it were yesterday;) and had on a light straw bonnet, which the wind had thrown back upon her shoulders—rather an odd costume for an angel, but at the same time not an unbecoming one.

What was I to do? It was very evident that if I remained in the position in which I stood, I should be directly in her way; and then the shock of collision might be severe to both parties. But if I did not render her some assistance she would in all probability have her brains dashed out, or be hurled into the river, or be bruised and disfigured in some way. But how could I help her? My footing seemed so unstable, that a feather wafted against me might send me reeling down the hill. How then could I sustain the threatened collision?

I had not much time for reflection. I braced myself as firmly as I could upon the shelving ground, twined my left hand about the clump of grass which supported me, and then with my right arm outstretched, gallantly awaited the descent of the fair creature in the nankin riding habit trimmed with green. Down she came, and I shut my eyes close, as I have seen people do when pulling the trigger of a gun pretty heavily charged. The next instant the shock was received, and it quivered through me like electricity. Two arms were thrown rather impetuously over my shoulders, a cloud of dark tresses brushed my cheek, and a gentle heart was pressed throbbing audibly against mine. My equilibrium was marvellously preserved. I stood the shock manfully. Like a frightened dove the lady rested panting upon my shoulder. She trembled in every limb, and was half sinking upon her knees. Her black clus-

tering curls were in awful contrast with the marble pallor of her forehead and cheek. It was with difficulty I could uphold her from falling. For about a minute—yes, a whole minute—we remained in this situation without speaking a word, and I could have been contented to continue in the same position for some minutes longer; but unfortunately the treacherous clump of grass, by which our weights were sustained, began to show symptoms of giving way. It was being deracinated by inches. I gently directed the lady's attention to the fact. She started, looked upon me for a moment a little wildly, and then recovering herself, bent upon me a smile which I shall remember to my dying day. It was so appealingly eloquent of gratitude, confusion, apprehension, and a thousand nameless and flitting emotions, that I gazed into her face as if I were scanning the features of some gorgeous and diversified landscape, the sight of which I was to enjoy but for a moment.

She spoke, and I roused myself as if from a trance.

"Shall we not make an effort to ascend? I believe I have recovered from my ridiculous fright?"

She attempted to move upward, but her strength was as yet unequal to the effort; and so, with my arm about her waist, half lifting and half dragging her, we climbed the acclivity. As a faithful chronicler, I must confess that I was unnecessarily long in getting to the top; but then I expressed so much apprehension lest she should fatigue herself, and enjoined the necessity of so much caution in stepping, that she seemed reconciled to the delay. Her father received her at the top of the height, and kissing her, led her to the trunk of an overthrown tree, and directed her to sit down. He then approached me, grasped my hand in both of his, and expressed his acknowledgments in a manner so cordial and heartfelt, that he almost persuaded me into the belief that I had performed an act, which, to say the least, would entitle me to receive a gold medal from the Humane Society.

We exchanged cards: his bore the words, "Mr. Tarleton, of Georgia;" and mine told him that I rejoiced in the name of "Horace Berkely."

"Berkely? Berkely?" muttered Mr. Tarleton in an interrogatory tone. "Any relation to the Berkelys of Albany?"

"A branch of the family is, I believe, settled there, but I am from Boston."

"And your father's name was—?"

"William."

"And your mother was from—?"

"Maryland."

"And her maiden name was—?"

"Emily Clare."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Mr. Tarleton, taking off his hat, and turning his forehead to the cool breeze—"Emily Clare! sweet, sweet Emily Clare!"

"Tell me," he said, grasping my hand, and half averting his face, "tell me, does your mother live?"

"Alas, sir, I have been an orphan these ten years."

Mr. Tarleton dropped my hand—walked a few paces ahead of me—and taking up a pebble, pretended all at once to be absorbed in taking a fatal aim at a little sparrow which was hopping about a few rods distant.

He suddenly turned however, threw the pebble in an opposite direction, and coming back to the spot where I stood, smiled faintly, and said—"Horace Berkely, you should have been my son."

"Sir?"

"Yes, I mean what I say. Hear me, and then tell me if you are at all surprised at the emotion which I apprehend I have betrayed at this *eclaircissement*. Your mother was my first love; I was her first suitor. We met some twenty-five years ago at Baltimore. She was a radiant creature. I haunted her for weeks like her shadow. At last a promise of marriage was exchanged between us, and we mutually agreed to keep our engagement a secret. She was seventeen, and I but a few years older. The death of my father recalled me to Georgia. We parted—Emily and I—with the customary promises of fidelity. I assured her I would return in a month. It is an old story, and often repeated. Circumstances forbade the fulfilment of my promise. I wrote often, but learnt afterwards that my letters did not reach her. I was compelled to sail for Europe without seeing her. I could not return till the close of the war with England.

"On arriving in New-York, after an absence of two years, a friend casually informed me that Miss Clare was engaged to a Mr. Berkely. I believe I did not turn pale or assume a tragic stare on hearing this agreeable news. That hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick, had too long been my portion, and I had acquired a mastery over my feelings. I simply asked, 'Is he a good fellow that she is engaged to?' and satisfied with the hearty reply in the affirmative, I made no more inquiries respecting her.

"On reaching Baltimore I resolved upon calling on Miss Clare, and congratulating her on her prospects. I was not heartless, but piqued; and I wished to appear to her as magnanimous and as little concerned as possible. I arrayed myself with care, and sallied forth to see her. She was not at home, and I left my card. The next

evening I again called. She was at home. I was ushered into the parlour. Miss Clare would be down in a minute. I walked to the mirror, and as I took off my gloves and threw them upon the pier table, I saw the opposite door opened, and a figure enter which I immediately recognized for your mother. Her forefinger was on her lips—she looked very pale but very beautiful—and as she faltered in her steps, she seemed to be gathering strength for a painful interview. I turned and advanced to meet her—

“Oh Horace—I had—heard—th-th-that you had arrived. I am very—very glad to see you.”

“Her eyes filled with tears. I was determined not to betray any emotion, and taking her hand with Parisian gallantry, I remarked, that ‘it was indeed flattering to find that Miss Clare had not quite forgotten me after so long an absence.’

“We sat down on the sofa. I conversed with infinite pleasantry—told Emily a variety of odd adventures which had befallen me—and after making myself unusually agreeable, I broke out with : ‘By the way, Miss Clare, they tell me you are engaged. *Est-il vrai ?* Every body says it is a fact.’

“She bent her dark eyes on me for a moment with a look of pathetic and mournful surprise ; and then in low accents replied, ‘What every body says must be true.’ I rattled on in the most reckless manner imaginable, as boys whistle in passing through a grave-yard to conceal their terror. In the course of my extravagance I made her promise to name her first boy after me ; and assured her, if ever I had a daughter, she should be christened Emily. I rose to take my leave. The next morning I was to depart for Georgia, not to return north again for years.

“I took my hat, and with cool formality said, ‘Good evening, Miss Clare.’

“She followed me into the entry. I opened the street door. I turned to take a last look. She was actually sobbing with grief, and her face was buried in both her hands. I walked back towards her. I took her hand in mine ; I parted the dark curls from her forehead ; I implanted one fervent kiss upon her lips, and exclaimed, ‘Dearest ! farewell for ever ; you will never see me more. God bless you !’ I left her, and she sunk almost prostrate upon the stairs. I darted from the house, and never saw her more ! But it seems that neither of us forgot our promise.”

There was an awkward pause of nearly a minute after Mr. Tarleton had finished his story. He passed his handkerchief hurriedly across his eyes, and then apologizing for holding me by the button so long with a love-sick tale, he said, “Come, Horace, let me introduce you to my daughter Emily. See—she is lashing the

flies with her riding whip, and is evidently in a pet with me for prosing to you so unconscionably."

CHAPTER III.

"My dear, this is Mr. Horace Berkely. I find in him the son of an old and very dear friend. But if I say more to recommend him to your favour, after he has shown himself so true and chivalrous a knight, I fear he will prove altogether irresistible."

"I am doubly proud," replied Miss Tarleton, "to make the acquaintance of Mr. Berkely; but I suspect he thinks that the introduction he has already had is all-sufficient. Did I not rush to meet him in the most affectionate, not to say precipitate, manner possible? Did I not throw my arms about his neck, and—nay, father, I could not have greeted an old friend more enthusiastically."

A slight blush tinged the cheek of Miss Tarleton as she concluded. I assured her that the casualty which made me acquainted with her was one of the most gratifying events of my life; it was a bright silken thread in the homespun tissue of my existence.

"Ah, sir," said Emily, "these are occurrences which come like shadows, so depart. You will soon forget the forlorn maiden whom you saved from tumbling into the St. Lawrence."

Was there coquetry in this speech?

"Forget you, Miss Tarleton? It is absolutely impossible!"

"Tut—tut—don't talk of forgetting before you are well acquainted," said Mr. Tarleton. "Horace, where do you put up?"

"At the Albion."

"We are there, likewise. Come, Emily, as you don't like the fretful little pony who bore you hither, perhaps Mr. Berkely will take compassion on you, and give you a seat in his calèche; and this ragged little Antoine here shall mount your vacated saddle, and follow us into town."

I seconded the proposition, and Miss Tarleton, who was really fatigued, assented without farther importunity.

O, that delicious ride into Quebec! The weather was warm, but there was a soft breezy air stirring, which was refreshing to the senses. As we left the dirty little village of Beauport, the scenery became superb. On our left rose the American Gibraltar, with its walled battlements, its houses and lofty spires roofed with tin, blazing, flaming in the sunshine; while, far below, its buttresses spurned the St. Lawrence. On our right spread a prospect of vast extent; cultivated lawns, gardens, verdant plains, forests and hills expanding far, far away, till the eye could see nothing but a range of blue mountains delicately limned against the horizon. I pointed out

every object of interest to my fair companion, and her enthusiasm was hardly inferior to mine. Our hearts were overflowing with rapture, and our lips with sentiment.

The calèche drew up in front of the Albion. I handed Emily out of the vehicle into the hotel, and her father followed.

"Horace," said Mr. Tarleton, "if you do not prefer the table d'hôte, suppose you mess with us while we are here?"

"With all my heart."

"I promise you," added Emily, "that our next meeting shall be conducted with a little more ceremony than was observed at our last and first encounter. Horrible! What would Mrs. Farrar have said had she seen me!"

"I beg you to use no more ceremony on my account," was my reply.

That evening I dined with my two new and delightful acquaintances. Emily ate with a propriety which even Lord Byron could not have found fault with; and she took champagne when she was asked. As she sat opposite to me, attired in a plain but elegant dress of pure white, with a simple black ribbon about her waist and a muslin scarf clasped with a rich diamond about her neck, I thought I had never beheld any thing animate or inanimate half so lovely and divine.

Old Tarleton called for cigars, and Emily rose to depart, saying, "Mr. Berkely, we hold a levee here every evening till eleven. So do not go, and do not be *au desespoir* at my leaving you. I shall be back by the time you have undergone your fumigation and swallowed your coffee."

"I am too proud that Miss Tarleton is not disposed to have our acquaintance end in smoke. I shall have the honour to remain."

I rushed to the door, and opened it for Miss Tarleton as she advanced hastily toward it. She nodded her thanks, and as she retreated fleetly up stairs, I stood gazing after the beauteous vision. It vanished, and I shut the door.

We sat—the beauty's father and myself—alone, puffing our cigars. Mr. Tarleton talked on with his usual suavity and piquancy of style; but I was silent and abstracted; and many of his good things fell on an unobservant ear. At last, when he found that I made no reply to a question which he had put to me half a dozen times, he threw the stump of his pipe into his plate, and a moment after stretched himself in a comfortable attitude upon the sofa. A vague suspicion crossed my mind that Mr. Tarleton had just asked me a question. "Did you not speak, sir?" I inquired abruptly. A hearty snore was the only reply to my interrogation.

CHAPTER IV.

The table had been cleared away—a friend had entered, and inveigled Mr. Tarleton into making one in a game of whist in a neighbouring apartment—I was myself getting a little drowsy as I reclined upon the above-mentioned sofa—when lo! Miss Emily Tarleton stood before me in all her magnificence. I jumped from my recumbent posture five feet into the air.

“Sleeping at your post, Mr. Berkely! Could not the anticipation of seeing me keep you awake? Ah, I fear you will soon lose the reputation for chivalry which you acquired this afternoon. How would Ivanhoe or Amadis de Gaul appear, painted lying on a sofa, with his feet elevated above his head, a cigar in his mouth, and his hands lazily twined in his hair? What would the ladye-love of either of those respectable individuals have said on finding her true knight in such a predicament?”

“She should have sat by his side and fanned the flies away while he dosed; or she should have beguiled him with her most enchanting songs. Do let me open the piano, Miss Em—Miss Tarleton, and do sing me a song.”

“Really, Mr. Horace Berkely, you have more assurance than I could have given you credit for.”

“Pardon me—if I have—presumed—too far. I trust I have said nothing to offend.”

“Nonsense; it is affectation in you to suppose I am offended.”

Miss Tarleton sat down to the piano, and running over the keys with a free hand, she asked “What shall I sing you?”

“Sing ‘We met.’”

“‘We met—’twas on the heights of Montmorenci,
And I thought he would shun me—’

Nay, you shall hear one of my favourite melodies.”

And changing from gay to grave with the quickness of thought, Miss Tarleton sang Wolfe’s beautiful song beginning—

“Go forget me! why should sorrow
O’er that brow her shadow fling.”

I think I never felt more deeply the power of music. Miss Tarleton had a rich rotund voice, and it came forth like the liquid, gushing notes of a Canary bird. But it was in the expression which she imparted to the sentiment that the principal charm of her singing lay. Her face was also the perfect index of what she uttered. It now kindled into eager enthusiasm, and now settled into a look of pathetic repose. And do not imagine there was any affectation in

their varying moods. They were as natural as the drifting of a summer cloud over the sunshine.

But, Emily Tarleton! why, when you had finished your plaintive and beautiful song, why did you look up to me with such a glance—such a tender glance—laden with—what shall I call it?—or how shall I express it? In that one glance the mischief was accomplished—the shaft was sped; and the *robur et æs triplex*, that should have shielded my breast, were not sufficient to resist it. Upon my word, it was the first time in my life I had ever been shaken in my scepticism upon the subject of the irresistibility and the universality of *la belle passion*.

She sang other songs with equal effect. I never before heard the lady who could impart due force and expression to Barry Cornwall's admirable song,

“The sea—the sea—the open sea!”

But as Emily gave utterance to that buoyant and exhilarating melody, it seemed as if I were out upon the illimitable ocean in a tight craft, scudding along at the rate of ten knots an hour, while the waves were foaming and bursting around me in the sunshine, the light fleecy clouds drifting through the sky, the sea-birds wheeling above the mast, the dolphin baring his back of gold, and the wind screaming through the shrouds.

Emily Tarleton left the piano, and we sat together on the sofa. Our discourse was upon every nameable topic—poetry, politics, law, physic, Bulwer, Marryat, Fanny Kemble, Washington Irving, and General Santa Anna. It was evident that Emily, though far from being a blue, was sufficiently well versed in the current literature of the day; that she had a quick apprehension, and a deep appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art; that there were very little nonsense and pretence about her; and that she was in every respect a remarkable girl.

I glanced at the clock, and to my surprise perceived that it was half an hour past midnight. I apologized with sincerity for the length of my stay, but cast the blame upon her, as the long hours had flown like downy sandalled minutes.

“Good night, Miss Tarleton.” —

“Good night! Pleasant dreams! *Au revoir!*”

I was alone in my chamber, and began to soliloquize. “Isn't she a charming creature? So natural—so lively—talks so well—sings so enchantingly—and then is so transcendantly beautiful! I wonder if she has ever had an offer. It is plain that she is not engaged. O, Horace Berkely! Hurry back to your little hole in

Court street, and burrow among your musty law books. Don't be for making a fool of yourself by falling in love. Go, and beg pardon of the Irish client whom you kicked down stairs. Get a new bust of Cicero to place over your secretary. Finish your analysis of Chitty—Chitty be d——d! I won't go back. What if Miss Tarleton should be an heiress. Old Tarleton appears to be a princely fellow in his expenditures; and then, egad, I am his namesake, and Emily was called after my mother. Strange! There is something more than mere chance in this. I am sure old Tarleton would favour my addresses! He evidently has a dash of romance in his composition. He would make a glorious father-in-law! Indeed, Horace, I think you might go farther and fare worse. But what if the lady is no heiress? So much the better. She is a treasure in herself; and, rich or dowerless, I will lay siege to her young affections. O Horace, this is very green and puerile in you. Let me tell you that love in a cottage is a sheer humbug. Poor fellow! You spurn my sensible advice. I see you are fairly in for it. Well, sleep upon it. Good night."

CHAPTER V.

The angel in the nankin riding habit trimmed with green figured largely in my dreams. Now she floated down the huge pillow of foam which sweeps over the Falls of Montmorenci, and now she rushed down upon me from the heights. In the morning, when I awoke, it was some moments before I could disentangle the real from the ideal. An impression of pleasure past and to come, an indefinable feeling of gratification, hope, and gentle excitement, were operating upon my mind; but though I experienced the influence, I was for some time puzzled to recall the cause and the origin.

At the breakfast table I found Miss Tarleton arrayed in a graceful morning dress. She greeted me kindly, but I fancied there was in her manner a little more reserve than I had seen the preceding day.

The father took me by the hand as if his heart were in it. He rallied me a little about my taciturnity the night before, and finally broke out with—"Well, Horace, if you haven't any thing better to do, suppose you join our party for the day. We go to the heights of Abraham, thence to the falls of the Chaudière, and in the afternoon we have an invitation to visit the English frigate in the stream."

"Dear sir, you could not have planned any thing more agreeable to me. Consider me at your disposal."

We went to the heights of Abraham—we stood upon the very spot where Wolfe died victorious—(Emily's arm was in mine)—we talked of Montcalm, of Montgomery, and of Arnold—and recalled all the glorious associations which cluster around the place. As we were about re-entering the calèche, we stopped a moment to take a last look at the surrounding landscape. The weather was delicious, and the blue transparent sky seemed to rise away into impenetrable, immeasurable depths, where the eye could not follow. Never had I beheld a more beautiful panorama than that which lay beneath us. The noble St. Lawrence, with its glassy surface, and the mirrored frigate at anchor in its channel—the opposite bank of the river, dotted with neat villas—Point Levi, with its trees and its green lawns—the Isle of Orleans—the distant Falls of Montmorenci—the little town of Beauport—the intervening fields and farms—the background of purple mountains—the meandering of the river St. Charles—and, directly in front of us, Quebec, with its high raised battlements, its Martello towers, its glittering steeples and roofs—all presented a scene unsurpassed in magnificence and extent.

We visited the Falls of the Chaudiere; we began to grow romantic, and I was a dozen times upon the point of making an avowal. Returning, we went on board the frigate which lay anchored before the town. Emily had no sooner reached the deck than an impertinent little cub of a midshipman offered her his arm, which to my utter surprise she accepted; and away they went to look at the guns, while the polite lieutenant invited Mr. Tarleton and myself into the cabin. As we were descending the companion-way, I looked back in search of Emily. The midshipman had evidently been telling her a good joke, for she was laughing very heartily; and there was an ease and assurance about his manner which was very annoying. The odious little John Bull! I wished him at the bottom of Hudson's Bay.

"I will take one more peep," I said after I had entered the cabin. I ascended the stairs, and saw that the little rascal had his face half way inside of her bonnet. My first impulse was to go and quarrel with him, but, after all, thought I to myself, what's Emily to me or I to Emily?—and thus thinking, I dashed after the lieutenant into the cabin.

On my way home from the frigate I was very dignified and taciturn in my manner toward Emily. At the dinner-table, however, my reserve gave way, and I entered into the conversation with all my accustomed spirits.

Another delightful evening was passed alone with Emily Tarleton. We sung the little duet of "No"—we talked, we promenaded the

room, and we read Shakspeare. When I rose to bid her good night, she remarked—"Is it possible, Mr. Berkely, that we have known each other but two days? It seems to me that we are as well acquainted as if it had been years."

"Ah, then, Miss Tarleton, do not think me hasty or insincere if I ere, on my—"

"Knees," I would have said, Bombastes like; but ere the words were uttered, the door opened, and the father of the young lady entered the room.

"Well, Emily, you must prepare to be off to-morrow."

"What route do you take, sir?" I inquired.

"Up the St. Lawrence; across Lake Ontario to Niagara; thence to Buffalo, and through the 'empire state' to Albany."

"How fortunate! precisely the route I had marked out for myself. Will you consider me one of your party?"

"Of course, Horace, and I hope you will like us well enough to keep with us south to the end of our journey. We will promise to make a month or two on our plantation quite tolerable to you. Won't we, Emily?"

"I am sure we will do our best."

"Miss Tarleton's presence would be sufficient of itself to render any place a paradise; and so, kind friends, good night."

"Good night! Good night!"

CHAPTER VI.

It would take a volume to narrate all the little incidents which occurred on our way to Albany; I have not the heart to recall them, had I the pen to describe them. In steam-boats and stage-coaches, on rail-roads and canals, I was Emily's ever watchful attendant and devoted knight; now pinning her shawl about her neck, whiter than alabaster; now promenading with her the deck of some lofty steam-boat; now talking romance, and now asking what she would be helped to at the dinner table; now watching the stars; now criticising some odd specimen of humanity; and now gazing with emotions too deep for tears upon some gorgeous landscape or some glorious sunset.

Do you not remember, friend of those happy days, the morning when we stood on the deck of that asthmatic little steam-boat, the Henry Brougham, and saw the dark rolling Ottawa rush to meet the St. Lawrence? Have you forgotten the rapids, the Canadian raftsmen, the beautiful islands set like emeralds in the silver stream? Do you not recollect our visit to Kingston, and our entrance upon the broad Ontario? Can you not recall the scene, which we gazed

upon wrapped in wonder, when we stood on the heights of Queens-ton by the monument of Brock ; the Niagara rolling beneath us ; the mighty Ontario gleaming in the distance ; the immense and variegated area spread like a map all around ; hill, forest and cultivated field, beautiful, most beautiful to see ? Then with what a pilgrim awe, although we had become connoisseurs in waterfalls, did we approach the stupendous cataract, which we heard "blowing its trumpet from the steep" long before we could see the fine-woven cloud of mist which eternally rises "like incense" from its mighty cauldron. How you grasped my arm as we stood on Table Rock, and gazed down upon the abyss of convulsed waters ! At that very moment I really believe I was thinking more of you than of Niagara. Have you forgotten our journey to Buffalo ? Our upset on the road to Batavia ? Our sail upon Seneca Lake ? Our ride through the valley of the Mohawk ? Our three days at the Springs ? Our railroad journey to Albany ? To me these are hallowed reminiscences.

Yes, it was at Albany. I may as well hurry through my story like a man. I had flattered myself that the flirtation was going on prosperously. Old Tarleton evidently favoured it, and was, I believe, sincerely gratified at the prospect which it held out. I had yet, however, made no avowal of my passion, though a thousand times it was at my tongue's end.

I was standing on the steps of the hotel the day after we arrived, when I saw a fellow collegian, Charles Marbury was his name—Marplot he should have been called—drive up in his tandem gig, and throwing the reins into the hands of his black attendant, leap upon the side-walk. Marbury was a southerner of large fortune, the income of which, however, was hardly large enough to support his unconscionable extravagances. He was a fellow of good personal appearance, a great practical joker, lively, entertaining, and superficial. After we had greeted each other, he took me to his parlour in the hotel, and there, over a bottle of Rudesheimer, we talked of old times and of times to come.

"By the way, Berkely," said my friend, "I have a secret to tell you. I am going to run away with a pretty girl to-morrow, and to commit matrimony incontinently. The old prig, her father, who is a millionaire, refuses to give his consent, and says she is pledged to another ; but, pledged or not, she has promised to accompany me to Providence, and there the knot indissoluble will be tied."

"You surprise me, Marbury. Is your Mrs. M. that is to be, a beauty ?

"She is, without humbug, superlatively beautiful. But if you have any curiosity to see her, come down to the ferry to-morrow morning at six. We shall be crossing at that hour."

"I will be there. Believe me, my dear Marbury, I sympathize with you, for I myself have a little *affaire du cœur* on hand, which I hope, however, will not require an elopement."

"My dear boy," said Marbury, pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his eyes with a very tragical air—"my dear boy, thank you—thank you. To-morrow then, at six."

We separated for the night, and I passed the evening with the Tarletons. After Emily had retired, her father spoke of her to me in a manner which left me no longer in doubt as to *his* views, at least, in relation to our intimacy. He candidly told me that it did not require much penetration to see that we were not indifferent to one another; and he said that he had remarked it from the beginning with pleasure. All this was imparted to me with so much tact, delicacy, and knowledge of human nature, that while it delighted me, it hardly awakened an emotion of surprise. I could only press Mr. Tarleton's hand, and bid him good night, with the serious determination of throwing myself at Emily's feet the next time I saw her.

I did not forget my engagement with Marbury. At six o'clock in the morning I was at the ferry, curious to see if my friend's inamorata was in any degree comparable with mine. I had not waited many minutes before I saw his gig approaching. The lady who accompanied him was closely veiled. Marbury held out his hand to greet me; his fair companion at the same time raised her veil, and revealed to my recoiling sight the features of—Emily Tarleton!

I started back as if I had been staggered by a heavy blow. I pressed my hand over my eyes, and looking again to make assurance doubly sure, I rushed away, I knew not whither. Marbury called after me in vain. Even Emily's "Why, Horace, what ails you?" could not detain me. I was at the end of the wharf in a minute, and with one desperate leap I threw myself—not into the river; no, I wasn't quite so great a fool as to do that—but into a steam-boat, which was leaving for New-York.

CHAPTER VII.

Three days after this adventure I was again in my office in Court-street, burrowing with more assiduity than ever among my law books. My washerwoman had confided a case of breach of promise to my hands, for which I was arming myself cap-a-pee in the invulnerable brass—the precedents and the technicalities of my profession. I studied night and day, and strove to overcome every recollection of the perfidious Emily Tarleton. Sometimes, however,

when my candle was about sinking in the socket, and the closely printed page swam confusedly in my sight, and a film crept over my eyes, I would find my truant thoughts straying back to the scenes which I had witnessed with that lovely but heartless creature. And then I would lay my arm upon my desk, and my forehead upon my arm, while—shall I confess my weakness?—tears would unconsciously come to my relief. No sooner, however, would I discover those treacherous symbols of sorrow, than I would rise from my seat, and uttering against myself such exclamations as “dolt! fool! booby!” I would light a fresh candle, and, by way of punishment, force myself to resume my studies, and prolong my vigils at least a couple of hours.

I was passing through one of the corridors of the Tremont House on the morning of the day that my important case of Susan Dimity versus Augustus Noodle was to be tried, when I heard issuing from one of the private parlours a voice which arrested my attention. It gave utterance to the words of a song, which awakened associations at once pleasant and mournful to my soul. But it was the voice rather than the music which vibrated through every fibre of my frame. I could not be mistaken. The door was ajar. I pushed it gently open. Yes, it was she seated at the piano!

“Horace Berkely—is it you?”

“Emily!”

A pause ensued. My fair friend seemed paler than when I saw her last. “Marbury doesn’t treat her well—wretch that he is,” I said to myself.

“How could you leave us so abruptly, Mr. Berkely, in Albany?” asked Emily.

“Mr. Marbury is well, I trust? I suppose he will be with you soon.”

“No; Charles followed” (she called him Charles! “How connubial!” said I to myself;) “Charles followed instantly in pursuit of you; he wrote us from New-York that he had learned you had left for Detroit, and he added that he should start instantly for that place.”

“Indeed! I cannot imagine what he can want of me. Your father is fully reconciled to him, I—hope.”

There was a dash of hypocrisy in my last speech.

“O yes, Charles had only been a little extravagant, and Pa remonstrated very gently. Charles took it kindly, and has promised to reform.”

“And do you love him, Emily?”

“Love Charley Marbury? I have loved him dearly from a child. What an odd question.”

I bit my lips ; and as Mr. Tarleton entered the room at the moment, I was saved from the utterance of a severe retort, which just quivered upon my lips.

Mr. Tarleton greeted me with undiminished cordiality. There was something in his frank and elegant manner, which attracted me irresistibly towards him. We had not exchanged many words, however, before he inquired my motives for leaving them so suddenly.

I was provoked at the idea that he should put that question, believing that he well knew the state of my feelings towards Emily. I replied, that "I could only leave it to the conjectures of himself and Mrs. Marbury to solve the mystery. The subject was a painful one to me, and I wished it might be dropped."

"Mrs. Marbury !" exclaimed Emily, looking about her with an air of wonder.

"Who the devil is Mrs. Marbury ?" asked Mr. Tarleton. "Has that scapegrace of a Charles been getting married? Shouldn't wonder. Just like him."

"If not married, Miss Emily may possibly inform you with respect to his intentions upon that head."

"I inform? I'm sure I know very little of Charles's movements or intentions."

"Then you knew nothing of his intention of running off with Miss Emily Tarleton, and getting married at Providence?" asked I, looking Emily steadily in the face.

To my surprise she neither quailed nor blushed. Mr. Tarleton approached me, and seemed to regard me with a look of compassion,—then dropping his voice, he murmured, "Poor, poor fellow! Touched in the brain! I see how it is."

"Is there any thing incredible in what I have uttered?" I exclaimed.

"What! would you persuade me that Charles intended to run off with his own sister?"

The truth, the whole truth flashed upon me in an instant. I remembered having heard at college that Charles Marbury had inherited half a million of dollars from a bachelor uncle, on the condition that he should assume his relative's name. I remembered Marbury's fondness for a practical hoax. I had evidently been his dupe, and, almost faint with confusion, I sank into a chair, exclaiming—"I see—I see it all! I have wronged you, Emily Tarleton; I have been suffering under a ridiculous hallucination, which, I thank Heaven, is now dispelled. I will explain all. Do not laugh at my credulity."

I then related the circumstances of my conversation with Mar-

bury—my promise to meet him—my visit to the ferry the next morning—the sight of Emily Tarleton—and my hasty departure from her presence.

“So Charley has been at the bottom of the mischief after all,” said Mr. Tarleton. “Well: I might have guessed as much. However, Horace, you may turn the laugh against him, for he has gone upon a wild goose chase to Detroit in the expectation of finding you. We must think of some good trick to play upon him by the time he gets back. But come—the barouche is at the door—we are going to take a drive to Nahant, you must accompany us.”

I did not decline the invitation. I forgot all about the case of Dimity versus Noodle. My soul had rebounded like a lark upspringing, from its depression. Emily’s cheek had grown brighter within the short time we had been together. As we rode slowly along the beach, and the fresh air came to us rolling over the big waves that tumbled upon the shore and spread themselves out over the fine sand, in thin, glittering sheets of water that reached to our carriage wheels, we inhaled the exhilaration of the ocean air, the beauty of the majestic scene. But I must take some other opportunity of fatiguing the gentle reader with a description of our adventures at Nahant.

Three weeks after this ride Emily handed me a letter, which she asked me to fold and direct to her brother. It was signed “Emily T. Berkely.”

We met Marbury in Washington not many days since. He gave us a most entertaining account of his adventures. Having arrived at Detroit, he had conceived the idea that I had gone to fling away my life in Texas. He started off immediately in pursuit; visited Nacogdoches; was apprehended by a party of Mexicans, and ordered to be shot; made his escape, and was afterwards seized by a division of Texian troops as a deserter. He quarrelled with the impertinent officer who commanded the expedition, and who was half disposed to hang him without a court martial; was released by General Houston; left for New-Orleans; and, after many perils by flood and field, arrived safely at the seat of government.

“And now, Charley,” said Emily, after he had finished his narration, “will you not admit that you have received but an adequate punishment for the hoax you played off upon Horace?”

“We shall pay you back in kind one of these days,” said Mr. Tarleton.

“Nay!” added I, “Marbury’s faith in practical jokes must be considerably diminished. We have had ample revenge, and we can all now join heartily in the comedy of ‘All’s well that ends well.’”

Charles seemed lost in meditation for a moment ; and then, with an illuminating smile, he exclaimed : Egad ! I was thinking if I had been shot by those blood-thirsty Mexicans, how—ha ! ha ! ha !—how you might have turned the laugh upon me. Wouldn't it have been a capital joke ?”

H. B.

THE PARTING.

By the sad sea they parted,
Wan, fearful, mournful hearted,
The waves, in whisperings low, chided their lingering feet,
And hands fast locked together, that ne'er again might meet.
The billows darkly swelled,—so heaved their breasts with care ;
Deep grief was in their hearts,—for oh ! fond love was there !
Love, wedded love had bound them
And shed its joys around them.

Red gleamed the setting sun on those two brows of sorrow,
Which far must parted be before he rise to-morrow.
And twilight dimly fades, and turns to night's dark hue,
Yet still those faltering lips refuse to breathe adieu.

Fond hearts with anguish beating,
Is this your last sad meeting ?

The waning moon, that oft in nights more soft, more dear,
Had lighted them to joy, with her full beaming sphere—
Now shed her sickly light upon the hapless lovers,
And streaming eyes and wringing hands her ray discovers ;
And arms once more entwined, and bosoms fondly prest,—
Ah ! oft in happier hours thus had ye sunk to rest !
Ye fond ones ! linger not—'tis vain—hence, hence away !
For see in the far east slow breaks the coming day.

Ah ! who the grief can tell
Of that dread word—farewell !

Morn is upon the wave ! morn glitters cold and fair
Along the sandy waste—but one alone is there !
The waves, still whispering, low repeat the parting moan,
And sigh along the beach—alone—alone—alone.
Far o'er the gloomy deep she strains her tear-dimmed eye
To watch his parting sail, a speck against the sky.
Mourner ! cease, cease thy sorrow, thy vain regrets give o'er,
Lost, lost to thee for ever—on earth ye meet no more !

By the dark sea they parted,
Sad, sighing, broken hearted.

SONG OF THE BELL.

[FROM SCHILLER.]

*"Vivos voco—mortuos plango—fulgura frango."**

"SEE our massy mould of clay
 Strongly walled up in the ground;
 We must cast the bell to-day—
 Briskly, fellows, gather round!
 Let the sweat run now
 From the heated brow,
 If we mean our skill to prove;—
 But the blessing's from above!

Well seemeth it our earnest work
 With earnest words t' accompany;
 For labour's stream, with goodly talk,
 Will glide along more merrily.
 Now carefully let us reflect
 What our weak craft is bringing out;
 The shiftless man we ne'er respect,
 Who labours on without a thought.
 'Tis this lends man his highest grace,—
 For this the gift of Reason came,
 A deep significance to trace
 In what his hands have toiled to frame.

Heap the knotty pine-wood higher!
 Let it be well dried before,
 Till the inward darting fire
 Up the narrow passage roar!
 Pour the copper in,
 Melt it with the tin,
 Till the bell-metal grow tough,
 And by rule run thick enough.

What we are forming in the mould,
 By dint of hand and melting flame,
 High in the church-tower shall be tolled,
 And far and wide our work proclaim.
 To distant days it shall remain;
 Its tones on many an ear shall fall;

* The old Latin inscription upon church bells, prefixed to this poem by Schiller, is thus given by Gardner in his "Music of Nature," in the chapter on Bells:—

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, conjugo clerum;
 Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.
 Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbata pango;
 Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos."

In the same chapter he speaks of the old custom of christening bells alluded to in the latter part of the poem.—See also, "*The Doctor, &c.*" (Chapters 30 and 31, Part I, page 141—9.)

This is one of the most popular of Schiller's Poems; and is frequently performed in Germany with music, in alternate *recitative* and choruses, with full orchestral accompaniments.

Its chimes shall echo Sorrow's plaint,
And ring aloud Devotion's call.
Whatever to us mortals here
A shifting destiny may bring,
When struck upon its metal clear,
Repeated loud shall onward ring.

See the snowy bubbles float !
Well—the melted masses run ;
Sprinkle it with salt throughout,
That will bring the crisis on.
Let the mixture clear
Of all foam appear ;
That the pure sonorous bell,
Clear and full its tones may swell.

Clear and full, with a festal sound,
It hails the lovely infant child,
First entering on his earthly round,
Borne in the arms of slumber mild.
His future lots, or dark or clear,
In Time's deep lap await him yet ;
He wakes beneath a mother's care,
And golden morns his glad eyes greet.
—The arrowy years have sped away.—
From tender maid, from childish play,
Th' impatient boy, with ardor burning,
Storms into life, unchecked, to roam
The wide world round ;—and now returning,
He hails his dear paternal home,
A stranger 'mid old scenes,—when, lo !
In ripened youth's full, mellow glow,
Beaming with beauty's every charm,
Majestic as some heaven-lit form,
With downcast eye and cheek o'erspread,
With deep'ning blushes rosy-red,
The maid before his sight appears,—
The child he left in lighter years !
Then creeps a nameless longing feeling
O'er his whole soul ; he seeks the shade,
The solitude of wood and glade ;
And ever and anon come stealing
Stray tears adown his cheeks ; no more
He seeks the sports he loved before ;
But in abstracted mood would flee
His brother's gladsome company.
He seeks *her* steps with burning cheek ;
Her welcome smile his only joy ;
The fairest of the flowers to seek,
To deck his love, his fond employ.
Ah ! tender longing, sweetest hope,
Love's golden prime,—when rapt in bliss
The eye sees heavenly treasures ope,
The heart beats high with happiness !
Still ever green and constant prove,
The fairy time of youthful love !

How the pipes begin to brown !
See, it glasses quickly o'er,
When I plunge this ladle down ;
Soon it will be time to pour !
Comrades, briskly, ho !
Try the mixture now,
If the soft and brittle join
For a sure and proper sign.

For when the manly and the fair,
 When Strength and Beauty form a pair,
 Then rings it out a merry song.
 Who binds himself in love must prove
 If heart with heart in concord move;
 For short the dream, the sorrow long.
 Lovely in the young bride's hair
 Shines the bridal coronal;
 While the church-bells ringing far
 Summon to the festival.
 Ah! life's fairest holiday
 Closes when life's May is flown;
 The girdle loosed, the veil away,
 All the sweet delusion's gone.
 The passion is fled,
 Yet love must endure;
 The blossom is dead,
 The fruit must mature;
 The husband must forth
 Into bustling life;
 Into labour and strife;
 He must plant, he must reap,
 He must gather and keep;
 Must dare all, and bear all,
 And let no drop fall;
 Must plot and contrive,
 A fortune to hive.
 So rivers of plenty flow into his hand;
 His barns are o'er-crammed with the fruits of the land;
 His rooms are made wide, his dwellings expand.
 And, busily moving,
 The modest young wife,
 The mother so loving,
 With her children, all life,
 Looks round over all
 In her circle so small.
 Her girls and her boys
 She is training aright,
 Her care and delight;
 And she busily plies
 Her hands never ceasing,
 The household increasing—
 Neat savoury chests with her treasures are full:
 The snowy white cotton, the soft glossy wool;
 And she smoothes the bright skeins, while the spindle is
 [turning,
 Thus with taste and with beauty her labour adorning.

And the father, with sparkling eye,
 From his house-top looks down from on high
 On the wide-spread scene before,
 And counts his fortunes o'er;
 His winding alleys well lined with trees,
 And the crowded cells of his granaries,
 Running in waves the tall corn is nodding;
 Heavily home his wagons are plodding—
 Pleased in his heart, he says:
 'Firm, as the earth's broad base,
 'Gainst adversity's power
 Shall my wealth endure.'
 But from Fate, however strong,
 Never title lasteth long!
 Watching Malice near him lurks
 Ready to destroy his works.

Well—we may begin to pour;—
 Pointed hard the edges are
 Where we break it.—But before
 Offer up a pious prayer.
 Out the stopples stave!
 God the building save!
 Roaring, smoking, through the pass,
 Shoots the fiery swelling mass.

An instrument of good is fire,
 With man to watch and tame its ire;
 And all he fashions, all he does,
 He to this heavenly agent owes.
 But frightfully it rages, when
 It breaks away from every chain,
 And sweeps along its own wild way,
 Child of Nature, stern and free.
 Woe, if once, with deafening roar,
 Nought its fury to withstand,
 Through the peopled streets it pour,
 Hurling wide the deadly brand!
 Eager the elements devour
 Every work of human hand;
 From the cloud to bless the plain,
 Pours the rain;—
 From the cloud, our hopes to dash,
 Darts the flash!
 Hear'st that moaning from the tower?
 'Tis the tempest dread!
 Bloody red
 The heavens glower;
 'Tis not day-light's steady glow!
 Hark, what tumult now
 Rends the sky!
 Lo! the smoke up-rolling high!
 Flickering mount the fiery shafts:—
 Where the wind its wild wave wafts,
 Onward through the street's long course
 Rolls the flame with gathering force;
 As in an oven's jaws, the air
 Heated glows with ruddy glare;
 Falling fast the rafters shatter,
 Pillars crash, and windows clatter,
 Children scream, and mothers scatter;
 Beasts, to perish left alone,
 'Mid the ruins groan.
 All is hurry, rescue, flight:—
 Clear as noon-day is the night!
 Through the hands in lengthened rows
 Buckets fly:—
 Through the air, in graceful bows
 Shoots the watery stream on high.
 Fierce the howling tempest grows;
 Swiftly, borne upon the blast,
 Rides the flame, devouring fast.
 Roaring, crackling, it consumes
 All the crowded granary-rooms:
 All the rafters blaze on high;
 And, as if 'twould tear away
 Earth's foundations in its flight,
 On it mounts to heaven's height,
 Giant—tall!
 Hope hath all
 Man forsaken; helpless now
 He to heavenly might doth bow,

Idly musing o'er his fall,
Wondering at his work laid low.

Burnt to ashes,
Lies the town
Like a desert spread
For the wild storm's bed.
Through the dreary window-holes
Darkness lurks and boding owls;
Through bare walls the clouds look down.

Lingering yet,
One look he casts
O'er the tomb
Where his hopes were wont to bloom;
Then takes up the wanderer's staff:—
Now at Fortune he may laugh;
For one, his sweetest, purest joy,
The cruel flame could not destroy;
Where are those lives, than life more dear?
His little innocents?—Are they here?
He numbers o'er his little band,
And all his dear ones round him stand.

On the earth now 'tis erected,
Safely lodged within the clay:—
Beautiful, as we expected,
Will it now our toil repay?
Should the cast go wrong?
Or burst the model strong?
Ah! perhaps while we were working,
Mischief has been near us lurking!

To the dark lap of holy Earth
We thus entrust what we have made;—
The sower thus entrusts his seed,
Hoping that it will soon give birth
To fruits which shall reward his toil,
And Heaven bless him with its smile.
But costlier seed we bury weeping,
While in meek faith to heaven we pray,
That from the coffin's loathsome keeping
It may spring forth to brighter day.

From the dome,
Heavy and long,
Sounds the bell
A funeral song;
Solemnly with measured strokes attending
Weary wanderer on his last way wending.

Ah! it is the wife, the dearest;
'Tis the mother, ever nearest;
Night's dark king, with eager hand,
Tore her from his warm embrace,
From her children's blooming band,
From each loving, trusting face—
Each sweet babe upon her breast
With fond love she had caressed—
Ah! now home's endearing band
Is dissolved for ever there;
She hath fled to shadow-land—
She, whose sunny smile did cheer;

Vanished her benignant face!
 Vanished from the earth for ever!
 Stranger's form may fill her place;
 Love may never warm it—never!

While 'tis cooling, we'll be free;
 Sweet is rest o'er labour done—
 Like the light bird in the tree,
 Merrily sing every one!
 When the star-light blinks,
 Rest each workman drinks
 From the sound of vesper bell;—
 Who the *Master's* care can tell?

From the woods, with spirits clear,
 Stalks the wanderer along,
 Homeward to his cottage dear.
 Bleating sheep in eager throng,
 Cattle too
 Broad-browed and sleek, they troop along,
 Lowing all,
 To the old familiar stall.
 Homeward borne
 Rolls the wagon
 Full of corn.
 Wreaths of many a hue
 Every sheaf adorn;
 Round and round,
 In merry dance,
 Trip the reapers o'er the ground.
 Street and market stiller grow:
 Round the fireside's social glow
 Gather all the family:
 Jarring shuts the great town-gate;
 Darkness closes
 O'er the earth;
 And the yeoman safe reposes;
 But the guilty seldom sleeps,—
 Law unceasing vigil keeps.

Holy Order! rich in blessing!
 Equal rights from thee possessing,
 Men are joined in social ties;
 Thou hast bid strong cities rise;
 Savage man to thee has owed
 All the benefits of Art;
 Thou hast entered his abode,
 Formed his manners warmed his heart;
 Thou hast wove that dearest band,
 Holy love for Father-land!

Thousand stout hearts swear alliance
 Cheerfully in danger's hour;
 Thousand strong arms in defiance
 Arm against the tyrant's power.
 Master and workmen all
 Listen to Freedom's call;
 Labour is the yeoman's pride;
 Blessings on his toil attend;
 Kings in their high-born rank confide;—
 We in our own right hand.

Gentle Peace,
 Sweetest Concord,

Hover, hover
 Friendly o'er our happy state !
 Never may the day appear,
 When rude war's relentless bands
 Through this quiet vale shall sweep ;
 When the heaven,
 Which the Evening's softening blushes
 Paint so fair,
 Shall from blazing towns and hamlets
 Frightful glare !

Strike the scaffolding asunder ;
 (It has done its duty well)
 That the eyes and heart may wander
 O'er the new-formed, shining bell.
 Swing the hammer, swing,
 Till the timbers spring !
 If the bell must hang on high,
 Let the mould to atoms fly !

The Master can the moment choose
 With skilful hand to break the mould ;—
 Woe ! if the melted mass break loose
 Of its own fury, uncontrolled,
 A flaming torrent—On it dashes
 Through its burst walls with thunder-crashes ;
 And, as from gaping jaws of hell,
 Belches destruction hot and fell.
 Where lawless forces jar together,
 No perfect form can emanate ;
 So revolution's angry weather
 But floods with ruin a fall'n state.

Woe to the state, when plotting hands
 Have in its lap been busy heaping
 Food for revolt ;—when lawless bands
 Would right themselves, in terror sweeping !
 Mad Uproar grasps the rope, and round
 Fitfully swings th' alarum bell,
 Forcing its peaceful, hallowed sound
 Of havoc and of blood to tell.

Freedom and Equal Rights ! they call ;
 Each yeoman arms him at the sound ;
 The streets are full, and every hall ;
 And murderous bands parading round.
 Women, like fierce hyænas, go
 With bloody hands and hellish jests ;
 They spring, like tigers, on the foe,
 And pluck the heart from mangled breasts.
 Nothing is holy—not a thought
 Of reverence amid the wreck ;
 The good give place ; and there is nought
 The insolence of vice to check.
 Rouse not the lion in his den,
 The vengeful tiger fear to tease ;
 But in their mad delusion men
 Are far more terrible than these.
 Woe to the thoughtless, who would lend
 The torch of knowledge to the blind !
 It lights him not—but its wild blaze may spread
 The state in ashes o'er his luckless head.

Happy issue God has given !
 See ! how, like a golden star,
 From its shell, all white and even,
 Comes the metal-kernel fair.
 Bright from crown to rim
 Sunny glances beam ;
 And the arms, carved out so neatly,
 Show the artist has wrought, featly.

Close hither ! hither !
 Companions, form a circle round ;
 And we will christen it together :—
 Its name be Concord !—let its sound
 To all it summons here a signal be
 For brotherly good will and harmony.

Be this its calling—this the mind
 Of the Master first designed—
 On high, above the gross earth sweeping,
 Within the purer air of day,
 Amid the stars its vigils keeping,
 Familiar with the lightning's play,—
 There shall it seem a voice above,
 E'en as the starry hosts appear
 To praise their great Creator's love,
 As they lead in the rosy year.
 Of solemn and eternal things
 Let it discourse from mouth of brass ;
 And let the hours with rapid wings
 Fail not to stir it as they pass—
 To dumb Fate it a tongue shall lend,
 (Heartless *itself*, not made to feel ;
 Yet shall its swinging strokes attend
 Each turning of life's giddy wheel.)
 And as its peal upon the ear
 Falls heavily and dies away,
 'Twill teach how nought abideth here,
 How all things earthly must decay.

Seize the ropes now—pull away !
 Swing the bell up from the ground ;
 Let it mount, and have free play
 In th' elastic realm of sound :
 Tighter, tighter draw !
 See ! it clears the floor :
Peace ! and honour to our nation !
 Such its earliest salutation."

HERNANI AND LE ROI S'AMUSE.

THE appearance of "*Hernani*," the first of Victor Hugo's plays, created for the poet a host of admirers, while it daunted for a time his enemies. Its success was a source of gratulation to the champions of the Romantic school of literature, although some of the *Romantiques* themselves were not a little horrified at the *denouement*. With this exception, the drama was a noble work, if harmony of verse, a style exalted and free, truth in the delineation of character, and grandeur of sentiment can give a composition a claim to that title. What can be finer, for instance, than the scenes between Donna Sol and her lover, where Hernani, scorning to deceive his mistress, paints gloomily the horror of his lot ; while she, in the spirit of deep and feminine devotion, clings the closer to him from the knowledge of his misery. In the following extracts, hopeless of succeeding in an attempt to render the French lines into corresponding English rhymes, we have endeavoured to preserve their spirit in blank verse, aiming rather at fidelity than harmony in the translation.

Hernani. "HEAR me ; the man to whom your youth is pledged,
Your uncle, proud De Sylva, is a duke,
Duke of Pastrana—rich—a count, grandee.
He is not young, but he can give thee, girl,
Such wealth of gold, of diamonds, and of joys,
Thy brow will glitter like a regal one—
His duchess might be envied by a queen !
Behold then what he is—for me, I'm poor—
In youth all barefoot through the woods I strayed.
Perhaps I once could boast a coat of arms,
Which blood and rust have dimmed and tarnished now :
Perhaps, too, I have rights, in gloom o'erwhelmed,
And by a scaffold's sable pall concealed,
Which may, unless my expectations fail,
In hostile fashion once again see light.
Meanwhile the only blessings I receive,
Are light, air, water—things enjoyed by all.
De Sylva seeks you, I have dared to woo ;
Become De Sylva's bride, or follow me.

Donna Sol. I'll follow you.

Hernani. Among my rude companions ?
Outcasts, whose names e'en now the headsman knows,
Men whom nor steel nor eloquence can move,
And, stung by wrongs, blood only can requite ?
What ! do you seek to rule my haughty band ?
As yet you have not heard I am a bandit.
When I was tracked and hunted throughout Spain,
Alone among the forests and the rocks,

Where but the mounting eagle gazes on you,
 Rude Catalonia gave a mother's welcome.
 Among her poor and hardy mountaineers
 I grew, and now three thousand of her men,
 Did I but sound this horn among the mountains,
 Would join me. Ah, you tremble, then reflect.
 You'd follow me o'er mountain and through wood,
 With beings like the demons of a dream,
 To watch suspiciously looks, voices, sounds,
 To sleep on grass, and from the torrent drink;
 To hear (when waking in the dead of night
 To hush some child) the bullets whizzing near,
 To wander with me, and to follow me
 Where I my sire shall follow—to the scaffold!

Donna Sol. Yes, thither will I follow you.

Hernani. The Duke
 Is rich, great, prosperous—no darksome stain
 Rests on the name of his ennobled sire.
 He is all powerful, and he offers you
 Gold, title, pleasure.

Donna Sol. We will go to-morrow.
 Deem me not bold, Hernani, neither blame me.
 Are you, in sooth, my angel or my demon?
 I know not—but I am your slave. Now hear me.
 Whither you go I'll follow. Stay, depart,
 Alike I'm thine. Why am I thus? I know not.
 But I must see you, see you once again,
 And see you ever. When your steps recede,
 It seems as if my heart had ceased to beat;
 When you are gone, I'm absent from myself;
 But when the footstep that I love to hear
 Approaches, then indeed I seem to live,
 I breathe, I see, I feel my soul come back.

Hernani. (*Embracing her.*) Angel!

Donna Sol. At midnight. On the morrow. Bring your guard
 Beneath my window. I'll be firm and brave.
 Three knocks the signal.

Hernani. Do you know me now?

Donna Sol. What matters it, my lord? I'll follow you.

Hernani. Since you will follow me, poor, feeble woman,
 You must be told what name, what rank, what heart,
 What fate beneath this garb Hernani hides.
 You'd wed a robber chief—but I am banished!"

Before quitting this spirited drama, we must extract one of its best scenes, a scene which strikingly displays the talent and originality of M. Hugo, and is perhaps the very best of its kind that he has written. It occurs in act the second. Don Carlos, (the king,) apprized of the proposed flight of the lovers, treacherously gives the preconcerted signal, and seizes upon Donna Sol as she issues from her uncle's palace into the streets of Saragossa. But she is not deserted; for Hernani, hearing the shrieks of his beloved, rushes to her rescue, and compels the king to free her from his grasp. The monarch calls for assistance, but no partizans appear. He stands for a moment overwhelmed by a sense of his situation, while Hernani thus addresses him:—

Hernani. "Don Carlos, thou hast now ensnared thyself:—
No flight—no help—I hold thee now at bay. 4
Alone, surrounded by blood-thirsty foes,
What can'st thou do ?

Don Carlos. (Fiercely.) Ha ! dost thou question me ?

Hernani. Defend thyself!—(*Draws his sword.*)

Don C. I am your liege, the king.
Strike ! but no duel.

Hernani. Hast thou then forgot
That yesterday thy blade was crossed with mine ?

Don C. But yesterday I did not know thy name,
You did not know my title. But to-day—
To-day, look you, we know each other well.

Hernani. Perhaps.

Don C. No duel. Come ! Assassinate !

Hernani. Think you we hold great names in reverence ?
Assume your weapon.

Don C. You would murder me.

(*Hernani recoils. Don Carlos fixes an eagle eye upon him.*)

You robbers think your infamous brigades
Can spread themselves unharmed throughout my cities ;
That, cursed with blood, with murder, and with wo,
Ye can at times behave like gentlemen ;
That we, your plundered victims, shall descend
Against your knives to clash our noble swords.
Crime is your heritage, it clings to you—
Duels with you ! Get you behind, and stab !

(*Hernani, grave and pensive, handles the hilt of his sword a few moments, then turns suddenly to the King, and breaks the blade upon the pavement.*)

Hernani. Go !

(*The King half turns towards him, and looks on him with disdain.*)

Hernani. We shall meet more happily again.
Go !

Donna Sol. My Hernani !

Don C. In a little while
I shall be safe within the ducal palace—
The procurator fiscal shall attend—
Is there a price upon your head ?

Hernani. There is.

Don C. Rebel and traitor from this day I hold you.
I warn you of it. I will hunt you down.
You shall be banished.

Hernani. That is done already.

Don C. Is't so ? 'Tis well.

Hernani. But France is near to Spain.

Don C. I shall be emperor of Germany ;—
I'll banish you from the empire.

Hernani. As you please.
The world is made of more than one great kingdom.
There are asylums where I'll brave your power.

Don C. But when I have the world ?

Hernani. Mine be the tomb.*

Don C. I shall defeat your insolent intrigues.

Hernani. I know that vengeance comes with tardy steps,
But yet it cometh.

* In allusion to the meeting of the conspirators in the tomb of Charlemagne.

Don C. (*Laughing scornfully.*) As regards the dame
Who loves the bandit—

Hernani. (*His eyes lighting up.*)—Ha! I have thee still.
Do not remind me, Cæsar that would be,
That yet I have thee, caitiff, in my hand,
And can, by closing of my loyal fingers,
Crush thy imperial eagle in the egg.

Don C. Do it.

Hernani. Away! away! Fly—take my mantle.
(*He takes off his mantle, and throws it over the shoulder of the King.*)
I fear some knife among our ranks may find thee.

(*The King wraps himself in the mantle.*)

Depart in safety now—my thirsty vengeance
Would save thee from all weapons but my own.

Don C. Look you, my prince of bandits, never think
That I will e'er forgive you. (*Exit.*)

Donna Sol. (*Seizing the hand of Hernani.*) Let us fly.

Hernani. (*Repulsing her with a grave gentleness.*)
My love, you think to be my partner ever,
And as my dangers close around, grow firm;
You would embrace my fortunes to the last—
A noble purpose—worthy of thyself.
But now thou seest, my God! it cannot be;
I can no longer profit by her love—
The time is past, the scaffold is too near.

Donna Sol. What is't you say?

Hernani. The king, whom I have braved,
Dooms me, for having dared to pardon him.
Perhaps he is already in his palace—
He calls his guards, his pages, and grantees,
His executioners —

Donna Sol. — Oh God! I tremble!

Well! Let us hasten then, and fly together.

Hernani. Together! No; the hour for that is passed.
When, beauteous Donna Sol, you first appeared,
And deigned to glad me with your blessed love,
I then could offer you in poverty,
My mountain, wood, and river—for your pity
Emboldened me—an exile's bread, the half
Of the green bed the sheltering forest gave me—
But now to share the scaffold with thee—no—
The scaffold, Donna Sol, is mine alone.

Donna Sol. But yet you promised me, Hernani.

Hernani. (*Falling on his knees.*) Angel!
Even now, when Death approaches me, perhaps
A gloomy ending to a gloomy fate,
Here I declare, proscribed and desolate,
Born in a bloody cradle, with a pall
Of deepest gloom o'ershadowing my life,
I'm happy, and my lot is enviable;
For you have loved me, you have told me so;
For you have blessed the bandit's cursed brow.

Donna Sol. Oh! let me follow thee.

Hernani. 'Twould be a crime
To pluck the flower in falling from the cliff.
Go—I have breathed its perfume—'tis enough.
Restore in other hours the hours I've chilled.
Give the old man the hand that I release.
My night returns. Be happy, and forget.

Donna Sol. No, never—thou must share thy shroud with me,
I will not leave thee.

Hernani. Let me fly alone.

Donna Sol. (*In despair, Hernani on the door-sill.*)

Hernani, you avoid me, and I'm mad
To give my life and see myself repulsed;
To be forbidden, after all my love,
To have the happiness of dying near him!

Hernani. (*Hesitating.*) I'm banished—I'm proscribed—my love's fatal!

Donna Sol. You are ungrateful.

Hernani. (*Returning with ardour.*) No! I will remain.

You wish it. Here I am. Come to my arms.

I will stay here as long as you desire.

Let us remain. Come, sit upon this stone.

(*He places himself at her feet.*)

The splendour of thy eyes shall light my own.

Speak and delight me. Is't not very sweet,

Kneeling to love and feel oneself beloved?

For two to be alone? 'Tis very sweet

To talk of love when all the night is still.

Oh, let me sleep and dream upon thy breast.

My love! my beauty! *Donna Sol!*

(*Sound of bells afar.*)

Donna Sol. (*Starting up.*)

The tocsin!

Hear'st thou the tocsin?

Hernani. (*Seated at her feet.*) 'Tis our wedding-bell!

(*The noise of bells increases. Confused cries, torches and lights in the windows, in the streets, and on the roofs.*)

Donna Sol. Arise and fly. Great God! All Saragossa

Is in a blaze.

Hernani. (*Half rising.*) We'll have a brilliant wedding.

Donna Sol. A wedding of the dead! a churchyard bridal!

(*Clash of swords, cries.*)

Hernani. (*Reclining on the bench.*) Come to my arms!

Enter a Mountaineer, sword in hand.

Mountaineer.

Hernani! the alcades

Are passing to the square in lengthened files.

Rouse up, my lord!

(*Hernani rises.*)

Donna Sol.

Ah! thou hast spoken well.

Mountaineer.

Ho! to the rescue!

Hernani. (*to the Mountaineer.*) I am here. All's well.

(*Confused cries without.*)

Death to the bandit.

Hernani. (*To the Mountaineer.*) Here—your sword. (*To Donna Sol.*) Farewell!

Donna Sol. I have destroyed you. Whither do you fly?

(*Showing an open door.*)

Fly by this open door!

Hernani.

What! leave my friends!

(*Shouts and tumult.*)

Donna Sol. These cries will kill me. Oh! remember, love,

If you are injured, I shall die.

Hernani. (*Holding her in his arms.*)

One kiss!

Donna Sol. My husband! lord! Hernani!

Hernani. (*Kissing her.*)

'Tis the first.

Donna Sol. Perhaps the last.

(*He departs. She sinks on the bench.*)"

Hernani was performed no fewer than fifty-three times, while *Le Roi S'Amuse* (which we propose to examine), a drama but little inferior to the first, was played but once. It was withdrawn from the stage, not because the people had condemned it, but because

the minister had forbidden it. He did so on account of its alleged immorality. The order of the minister for the suspension of the piece was issued on the 23d of November, 1833; on the 24th it was definitively proscribed. The rage of the author was unbounded; it was like that of Madam de Staël when the vengeance of the emperor suppressed her "Germany," and drove her into exile. There is no indignation like that of an author deprived of the fame and profit of the fruit of his imagination. Victor Hugo could not challenge the ministry to combat like a chevalier of old, but he could seize his pen, and hurl defiance and the bitterest sarcasm upon the heads of his opponents. He styles the council of the ministry a divan, and the publication of their interdict an act of Asiatic despotism. He refers to the charter, quotes from its provisions, and thus discourses and comments:—

"'The French have the right of *publishing*.' Observe that the text does not say merely the right of *printing*, but, comprehensively and fully, the *right of publishing*. Now the stage is but a vehicle for publication; like the press, like engraving, like typography. The liberty of the theatre is then explicitly inscribed on the Charter, like every other liberty of thought. This fundamental law subjoins; '*The Censorship shall never be re-established*.' Now the text does not say the *censorship of journals*, the *censorship of books*; it says, the *censorship*, the censorship in general, all censorship, that of the theatre as well as that of writings. The theatre then could never be legally censored.

"Elsewhere the Charter says—'*Confiscation is abolished*.' Now, the suppression of a theatrical piece after its representation, is not only a monstrous and arbitrary act of censorship, but it is an actual confiscation, it is property violently taken from the theatre and the author.

"To conclude, that all may be clear and comprehensible, that the four or five great social principles which the French have cast in bronze may rest upon their granite pedestals, to prevent the common right of the French people from being secretly assailed by the forty thousand old, unworthy arms, which rust and disuse are devouring in the arsenal of our laws; the Charter, in a final article, expressly abrogates whatever there is in previous laws inimical to its letter and its spirit.

"This is official. The ministerial suppression of a dramatic piece strikes at liberty by the censorship, and at property by confiscation. All our public rights revolt against such violence.

"The author, not believing the existence of such insolence and folly, hastened to the theatre. There he was assured of the fact on all sides. The minister had actually, on his private authority, his divine ministerial right, transmitted the *order* in question. The minister had no reason to give. The minister had deprived him of his play, deprived him of his right, deprived him of his property; it only remained to send him (the poet) to the Bastile.

"We repeat, when in our own day an act like this blocks up your path and takes you by the throat, the first impression is profound astonishment. A thousand questions press upon your mind. Where is law? Where is justice? Are these things possible? Was there really an event they call the Revolution of July? It is evident we live no longer in Paris. In what pachalic do we live?"

The author next proceeds to state that the charge of immorality was the pretext for suppressing his play. "This play offended the prudery of the gendarmes, the Léotaud brigade beheld it and found it immodest, the *bureau des mœurs** concealed its face, and M. Vidocq blushed." Let us proceed with our quotations.

"The piece is immoral. Do you credit it? Is its foundation so? This is the foundation. Triboulet is deformed, Triboulet is sick, Triboulet is the court fool, a triple misery which makes him wicked. Triboulet hates the king because he is the king, the lords because they are lords, and men because they are not all hunch-backed. His only pastime is for ever to embroil the lords and the king, crushing the weakest against the strongest. He depraves the king, corrupts and embrates him; he drives him to tyranny, to ignorance, and vice; he looses him upon the families of all the gentlemen, always pointing out the wife to seduce, the sister to carry off, and the daughter to dishonour. The king in the hands of Triboulet is only an all-powerful puppet, who injures all the beings in the midst of whom the jester works him. One day, in the middle of a festival, at the moment when Triboulet is urging the king to carry off the wife of M. de Cossé, M. de St. Vallier succeeds in reaching the monarch, and loudly reproaches him with the dishonour of Diana de Poitiers. Triboulet jeers and insults the father whose daughter the king has seduced. The father lifts his hand and curses Triboulet. From this the whole story takes its rise. The true subject of the drama is the *Curse of M. de St. Vallier*. Listen. You are in the second act. Upon whom has the malediction fallen? On Triboulet, the jester of the king? No. Upon Triboulet the man, the father, who has a heart, who has a daughter. Triboulet has a daughter—it is all there. The daughter is all that Triboulet has in the world: he conceals her from all eyes, in a desolate quarter, in a solitary house. The wider he circulates throughout the city the contagion of debauchery and vice, the closer he keeps his daughter isolated and walled up. He educates his child in innocence, in faith, and modesty. His greatest fear is lest she fall into evil, for, a sinner himself, he knows what the wicked suffer. Well! the malediction of the old man will reach Triboulet in the only thing he loves in the world—his daughter. The same king whom Triboulet urges to seduction, will seduce the child of Triboulet. The jester will be smitten by Providence in the same way as M. de St. Vallier. And then, his daughter wronged

* Which licenses prostitutes.

and lost, he will spread a snare for the king to avenge himself, in which his daughter will be caught. Thus Triboulet has two pupils, the king and his daughter; the king whom he trains to vice, and his daughter whom he would bring up to virtue. One will destroy the other."

If we were required to name at once the character of the piece which is drawn with the greatest truth to nature, we should say it was that of Francis the First. Blanche is feminine, confiding, modest, but there is something unnatural in her ready devotion of her life to save that of her betrayer in the *coupe-gorge* house, after she has there witnessed his gallantries with Maguelonne. Triboulet, the jester, is, to take him all in all, a monster, morally as well as physically; but the French monarch is a living picture. Our author does not draw him in the most seductive colours, nor present him in his most illustrious actions. We do not see him in the order of fight, waving his gleaming sword in the battle of Marignano, which the marshal of Trivulzio called a *combat of giants*; nor yet do we behold him emerging from captivity, reining his gallant steed, and shouting *I am yet a king!* But here he is in the midst of a brilliant but corrupt court, seeking whom he may dishonour, relating the story of his low intrigues, and glorying in his debauchery. If M. Hugo has not shown him drunk in the streets of Paris, which history would have sanctioned, he has placed him in the house of a bravo, whose sister is the goddess of a mean amour. It is in this situation that Triboulet shows him to Blanche, that a sight of his infidelity and degradation may drive from her bosom all remains of that passion which she still feels for her royal seducer. Blanche departs to put on a male dress, which is to favour her escape from Paris. Triboulet has hired Saltabadil, the keeper of the *cabaret*, to kill his guest in his sleep, and deliver up his body in a sack at midnight. But the entreaties of Maguelonne induce Saltabadil to spare his guest, and to slay in the king's place the next person who shall seek for shelter. Blanche, who has returned in a cavalier's dress, overhears this arrangement, enters the house, and thus becomes a voluntary victim. Triboulet, returning at midnight, receives from the sanguinary bravo the dead body of his own child. Alone with the corpse in the sack, Triboulet exults in the idea of having triumphed over his enemy. He is about to cast into the bosom of the faithful Seine the hero of Marignano, the star of the universe, Francis de Valois, he of the heart of fire, the rival of Charles the Fifth, a king—a deity! He pictures to himself the surprise of men when they shall hear of their monarch's disappearance, while criers shall offer untold gold for the recovery of Francis. While he is apostrophizing the corpse, he is suddenly appalled by

hearing the voice of the king, singing his favourite stanza as he hurries to his palace through the darkness:—

“Souvent femme varie,
 Bien fol est qui s'y fie,
 Une femme souvent
 N'est qu'une plume au vent.”

He tears the body from the sack, when the pallid features of his child are revealed by the blaze of lightning.

Triboulet. “My child! Oh God! my child!

My child! Oh heaven and earth! it is my child!

(Feeling her hand.)

My hand is wet. Oh God! whose blood is this?

My child! I'm lost! Oh! this is horrible!

This is a vision—'tis impossible—

She has departed and is on her way.

(Falling on his knees by the body, with his eyes raised to heaven.)

Oh God! All this must be a frightful dream.

Hast thou not sheltered my beloved child—

And is this not another, oh my God!

(A second flash throws a vivid light upon the pale face and closed eyes of Blanche.)

It is herself!

(Throwing himself with sobs upon the body.)

My daughter! Answer me!

And have they murdered thee! Oh! answer me.

Oh! none can hear but yon accursed crew.

Speak to me, daughter, speak! my child! my child!

Blanche. *(As if re-animated by the cries of her father, opening her eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice.)*

Who calls me?

Triboulet. Yea! she speaks—she moves a little.

Her eyes unclose—her heart beats—yes, she lives!

Blanche. *(Half raising herself: her linen is stained with blood, her hair dishevelled, the rest of her body which is clothed, hidden in the sack.)*

Where am I?

Triboulet. *(Lifting her in his arms.)*

Darling! treasure of my heart!

Dost thou not know my voice? Dost hear me? Speak!

Blanche. My father!

Triboulet. Blanche! What have they done to thee?

I am afraid my touch inflicts a pain.

I cannot see. My daughter, are you wounded?

Conduct my hand.

Blanche. *(In broken accents.)*

The steel—I'm sure of it—

Went to my very heart.

Triboulet. Who struck the blow?

Blanche. Ah! 'twas my fault alone—and I've deceived you.

I loved too well. I die for him!

Triboulet. Dread fate!

Crushed in my vengeance! God hath stricken me,

How did this chance? My child! explain thyself.

Blanche. *(Dying.)* Oh! do not make me speak.

Triboulet. (*Covering her with kisses.*) Oh! pardon me!
But without knowing how, to lose my child —

Blanche. (*Making an effort to turn herself.*)

The other side! I'm choking.

Triboulet. (*Raising her with agony.*)

Blanche! dear Blanche,

Live! do not die!

(*Turning from her in despair.*)

Help! to the rescue here!

Help! Must my darling daughter perish so?

Ah! I forgot the belfry on the wall.

Poor child, could'st thou but linger while I go

To get some water and to ring for help!

(*Blanche signifies that it is useless.*)

You do not wish it? Still I'll make the trial.

(*Calling, without quitting her.*)

Help here!

(*Silence every where. The house remains closed in the darkness.*)

That house—Oh God—is but a tomb.

(*Blanche in agony.*)

Oh! do not die, my child! my life! my dove!

Blanche, if you go, I shall have nothing left.

Oh! do not die.

Blanche.

Oh!

Triboulet.

My arm distresses you.

It hurts you. Wait! I'll place it otherwise.

Is it no better thus? Exert yourself.

Try but to breathe till some one comes to help us.

Is there no succour near? no succour? none?

Blanche. (*Speaking in a faint voice with an effort.*)

My father, pardon him. Adieu!

(*Her head sinks.*)

Triboulet. (*Tearing his hair.*) She's dead!"

Then follows the harrowing despair of the jester, and on the mortal agony of the father deprived of his daughter in so terrible a manner, the curtain falls. Such is the termination of *Le Roi S'Amuse*.

THE CALIPH'S ADVENTURE.

THE Caliph Almamoun came out of his harem one day in a very great passion. Now, as this caliph was at that time the greatest monarch in the world, it is worth while to inquire the cause of his wrath for the edification of all great monarchs to come hereafter.

Almamoun was the great grandson of Mahadi, who was the son of Almansor, who succeeded the dynasty of Omar, who was the con-

queror of Persia ; and traces his descent to the holy prophet, and through him up to the patriarch Nod, who, as every good Mussulman knows, was an illegitimate child of Adam. Hence it will be seen that Almamoun's genealogical tree was somewhat remarkable for its altitude, and he, being the very topmost twig, was not a little proud of his elevated situation. Indeed, the vanity of birth was the Caliph's only foible, if we except some slight weaknesses common to all despots—such as cruelty, perfidiousness, and the like. He firmly believed that no man could be worth a *coz* who did not know his ancestors for at least twenty generations back. On this principle he selected his ministers and his wives, and was not a little surprised when a vizier and ten courtiers, all directly descended from men who lived a thousand years before them, formed a conspiracy to dethrone their lord and master, for which they were all bowstringed ; and still greater was his consternation when his last and youngest caliphine, whose seventeenth grandfather was a near relation of Ishmael, had the presumption to dispute with the lord of the universe and even to laugh at his beard. Whereupon the Caliph left the zenana in a pet.

"I will see," said he, as he strode irefully up and down the apartment like a tiger in his cage, "I will see if the master of the world, the one hundred and fiftieth grandson of Adam, is to be contradicted and mocked to the face by chits whose families have just sprung from their dunghills—mere mushrooms of five centuries ! I swear, by the great toe of the great Abu Beer, I will seek out a fourth spouse, who shall be mistress of the harem, and shall possess every virtue under the sun—particularly a proper and discreet humility. By the beard of the prophet, she shall be a paragon ! and her family shall be three thousand years old. Wallah ! Billah ! Mashallah ! So be it ! And then we will see who shall laugh." And the Caliph stamped about the room, and curled his whiskers, and put himself into a very great passion as aforesaid.

The feelings of a despot are quickly reflected in the actions of his subjects. No sooner was it known that the sun of the royal countenance was under a cloud, than the vizier's also began to suffer an eclipse, and he berated the treasurer ; the treasurer fell into a rage with the master of ceremonies ; the master of ceremonies hectored the chief eunuch, who threatened the chibouque bearers, who bastinadoed the messengers, who kicked and pummelled the stable boys till they were out of breath. This was the first consequence of the Caliph's anger.

Almamoun then entered the hall of Audience. Here he rejected three hundred and seventy-six petitions, ordered the decapitation of thirty criminals, and dispatched an army to lay waste, with fire and

sword, a province which the devastations of the locusts had prevented from paying its accustomed tribute. This was the second consequence of the Caliph's anger.

By this time the vizier, observing that his master's wrath was somewhat appeased, ventured to approach him, and inquire whence had originated the stain that sullied the lustre of the royal complacency. "Ibn Hassan," replied the monarch, "I want a wife who shall have a genealogy reaching to Noah; and moreover, she shall be perfect in every thing." This was the third consequence of the Caliph's passion, and the most absurd of all.

The vizier bowed himself to the earth, and answered—"I know of but one, O sire, who claims such a descent; and report speaks her worthy of the imperial hand. She is Ilasa, the daughter of the Prince of Farsistan, and is even now in the city."

"Humph!" said the Caliph, "I have heard of her; but it is dangerous to trust to hearsay;" and here he cast a significant glance towards the door of the harem, as if to intimate wherein he had already been deceived. "Could not I manage to obtain a sight of her, unknown—eh?"

The vizier bowed to the dust. "Nothing human," he replied, "is impossible to the lord of the world; yet he will consider that it will be deemed unworthy of a monarch to violate the established decorum of his people. But perhaps the eyes of the most magnificent may be satisfied with a portrait taken by the cunning infidel artist (may his soul be burnt!) who came in the train of the Frank ambassador;" and Ibn Hassan, with another prostration, presented to the Caliph a miniature studded with brilliants, which he had at the time by good fortune in his bosom.

"Wallah! Barikillah!" ejaculated the Caliph in admiration, "but these Franks are a wonderful people! And the face is very well. But don't you think, Ibn Hassan, that the nose is a little too slim? A sharp nose, you know, is the sign of a long tongue."

"Perhaps, most exalted, the painter may not have been able to depict a proper nose; the lady Ilasa is said to be very beautiful."

"Humph," said the Caliph, "you may go;" and Ibn Hassan retired.

Now Almamoun knew very well that his vizier had received large bribes from the Khan of Farsistan to recommend his daughter to the royal notice. He therefore very sensibly determined to trust to nothing but his own eyes. When evening approached, he ordered his favourite slave, Lalouk, to be summoned to his presence. "Lalouk," said the monarch, "does the dwelling of Kazim, Prince of Farsistan, come within the sphere of your knowledge?"

"Every chamber, *maidaun*,* and roof," replied the privileged slave; "it was there I spent the early days of my servitude, when it was in the possession of the traitor Ben Omri, (may he burn for ever!) Shall I tell your highness some remarkable stories?"

"Another time—another time, my good Lalouk," interrupted the Caliph; "we cannot listen to your narratives now. You are to prepare our merchant dresses without delay; we make an expedition to-night. Be wary of your tongue thereupon;" and the slave withdrew.

In about two hours the Caliph and Lalouk, in the disguise of Cairo traders, left the palace by a secret passage, and pursued their way toward a huge conglomeration of low, irregular buildings, which formed the mansion of the Khan. The slave's knowledge of the localities enabled him to guide his master to a place where he judged he would be most likely to attain his object. This was a balcony extending half round a small wing which projected from the main building, seemingly for the purpose of catching the cool breeze from the river, which flowed not far from its base. By the light which streamed through the half-curtained casements, it was apparent that the apartment must be occupied. With great caution the Caliph and his companion ascended the balcony, which had probably never before been profaned by the tread of a male, with the exception of the lord of the palace, and some hideous harem-warder; and by raising themselves on some stools which had been left there evidently for the convenience of the tenants of the apartment when they chose to watch the stars of a clear evening, they managed to obtain a distinct view, through a division in the curtain, of the interior.

The room was fitted up in a style of gorgeous splendour. The floor was covered with one of those costly carpets of Shiraz on which none but princes might dare to tread. The walls, which were of cedar frame-work, in order to allow free passage to the air, were hung with curtains of Damascus cloth, looped up by cords of silk and gold. A magnificent ottoman extended along one side of the apartment, and from the centre of the painted ceiling descended, by a chain of twisted gold, a small chandelier, in which the rays of three lamps were caught and reflected by a sparkling globe of the most brilliant stones. Around the room, as if thrown off hastily by one eager to escape from the sultriness of the inner harem, were scattered many articles of female attire too magnificent to permit any doubt of their wearer.

The figures which occupied the apartment were but two. Ex-

* Court or square.

tended on the sofa, in a costly though negligent undress, one hand hanging listlessly over the side of the couch and playing with the tassels which adorned it, lay one whom the Caliph immediately recognized as the original of the portrait. There was, on her really fine features, an expression of ill-humour, which seemed to be directed toward a young Georgian attendant, who, dressed in the close-fitting embroidered vest and white trowsers of her country, was kneeling on a cushion near her mistress, and holding in her hand a lute, by which she was evidently endeavouring to beguile the ennui of the princess.

"Barikillah,—may I drop from Al Sirat! but she is beautiful;—lovelier than the waving cypress, brighter than morning," whispered the enraptured Caliph.

"Fairer than the full moon," chimed in the favourite; "and what splendid pearls on her zone!"

"Pshaw!" returned the monarch, "I was not thinking of her. She is well enough, indeed, except that her nose is too sharp. But only look at the slave! What a form! what eyes! Wallah! She would do honour to a heron-tuft."*

"Very true, my lord," replied the complaisant Lalouk; "she is more lovely than the rose of Shiraz; and what a beautiful bracelet!"

"Pish!" ejaculated the Caliph; "let us listen to their words;" and they were silent.

"Do you mean really to say," exclaimed the Princess to the kneeling Georgian, "that you can sing no other verses but those doleful ones about loss of country and home, that you have been dinning into my ears all the evening? Truly you would make a fine chanter at funerals. Sing me a lively air,—something about love—for you *must* know some such."

"Lady," replied the damsel, "I do indeed know a few tunes of a merrier cast than the one I have just sung. But it is natural that the thoughts of a captive and a slave should dwell upon her own sad fortunes."

"Thoughts, indeed!" returned her mistress, peevishly. "I did not know that you had any thing to do with thinking, except as I command you."

The beautiful slave answered not; but as she bent over her lute to touch the preluding note, the Caliph thought he perceived a tear fall on the instrument.

"Wallah! billah!" he muttered, glancing a look of any thing

* The badge of royalty.

but admiration at the unconscious princess,—“but her nose is excessively sharp!”

Thus sang the lovely musician :—

“THE GEORGIAN'S TWILIGHT SONG.”

“It is the holy hush of eve, the sun's last ray is gone,
And softly over hill and plain the shades of night come on;
And as the weary moments glide, the shadows deeper fall,
The dew is heavy on the flower, and damp upon the wall;
The nightingale has hushed her song within the cypress tree,—
But yet, alas! he cometh not, he cometh not to me.

“The breeze is flowing from the south, with all its fragrant load,
The gift of every lovely flower it met along its road;
It sighs above the dusky lake, and through the tree tops dim,
And kisses now the cheek I kept so holy pure for him;
The silent stars look pitying down my weary watch to see,
But ah! alas! he cometh not, he cometh not to me.

“I hear a tread! 'Tis but a lone gazelle that wanders by,—
Is that his voice? Ah no! it is the jackall's human cry;
Cease! cease! my restless heart! Keep down the throbbings of thy fear!
Wo's me! the twilight hour is past, and I alone am here.
Alas! for every happy hope! that I should live to see
The hour in which he cometh not, he cometh not to me!”

“Pish!” exclaimed the khanine, “do you call that a lively air? Why it is a tune to which a troop of ghosts might dance all night! But you selected it on purpose to provoke me,—I understand it very well! But beware of the slipper, girl.”

“Well, did I ever!” murmured the Caliph. “By the black mule of our father Ishmael, she is a downright vixen! and her nose is as sharp as the edge of my sabre.” So saying, in the excess of his indignation he made some movement which overthrew the stool on which he was standing; as he fell, he involuntarily caught hold of Lalouk, and both the eaves-droppers were precipitated through the slight frame-work of the windows into the apartment. The occupants, as may be supposed, shrieked aloud; and a crowd of domestics, chiefly eunuchs, immediately surrounded the disguised wanderers, with uplifted scimitars, ready for the words of fate from their mistress.

“Stop!” shouted Lalouk, who did not relish this turn of affairs,—“would you slay the ——”

“Silence!” whispered the Caliph, “leave it to me. Most noble princess,” he continued, “be assured that our sudden and violent intrusion was wholly unintentional. We are harmless merchants of Cairo, who were quietly returning to our inn this evening, when

we observed that we were followed by some suspicious-looking individuals ; to avoid them, we hastily took refuge in your highness's balcony, and were unfortunate enough to stumble against the casement, causing a most involuntary entrance into your sublime presence. We would hope, most surpassing lady, that our unwilling offence is not a mortal one."

"A pretty story, truly," returned the princess, who was not in a forgiving mood,—“a very pretty trap to catch flies in ; and think you that a vulgar trader can gaze upon the Khanine of Farsistan, whom princes have longed in vain to see, and live? Yet, as ye would have some grace, we allow you till dawn to prepare for death. Hence with the dogs !” The eunuchs obeyed.

"Wallah !" exclaimed the Caliph, when he had somewhat recovered from the effect of the rudeness with which they had been thrust into a cold and dark apartment, which was to be their prison till the morning :—"By the seven troubles of Abn Nasr, we are in a pretty pickle, and her tongue is as sharp as her nose."

"And does your majesty really intend to let her threat be fulfilled?" inquired the favourite, with a ludicrous whine of supplication and anxiety.

The monarch laughed. "My good Lalouk," said he, "set your mind at ease with regard to the safety of that fearful head of yours. We shall have nothing worse than a rather uncomfortable night's lodging in this wretched hole of a prison. And who knows what a few hours may bring forth? I would willingly escape, if possible, without making ourselves known ; however, that shall be as it pleases Allah and our gentle hostess."

So saying, the Caliph stretched himself on the floor of the room, and endeavoured to sleep ; but his uneasy posture, and the thousand varied thoughts and recollections which thronged upon his mind forbade the approach of slumber. About midnight a slight noise excited his attention ; he started up, and aroused the slave, who was snoring at ease in a corner ; a key was apparently introduced into a lock at a different side of the dungeon from that at which they entered. Several attempts were then made to turn it, which finally succeeded, and a concealed door opened, through which the light of a lantern flashed upon the wondering eyes of the prisoners. The bearer, a female, closely veiled from head to foot, paused for a moment at the entrance while she turned the rays of the lamp successively upon the two before her. Then, as if assured of their identity, she advanced and spoke, in a low tone, which left no doubt on the mind of the Caliph that it was the beautiful Georgian who was concealed behind the veil.

"You are innocent," she said, "I know ; for you have not the

air of violent men ; at all events you have committed no crime deserving of your threatened punishment. If you remain till morning, you die. I have come to deliver you. Be silent, and follow me !" So saying, she turned and led the way through a narrow and winding passage, the *soi-disant* travellers following with the utmost caution. In a few moments they reached a small postern gate on the opposite side of the building from that by which they had entered ; their guide then turned, and said in the same suppressed voice—

"Now go, and Allah be with you ! I have risked my life to save you ! Hint not to a living being your means of deliverance."

"We may at least inquire," said the disguised Caliph, "the name of our lovely preserver, that we may mention it in our prayers."

"No," replied the Georgian with a sigh ; "forget me ; forget that you have ever seen me. My name—alas!—I have no name but Misfortune !" and hastily retiring, she closed the wicket on the delivered captives, and her retreating footsteps soon died away.

"Well !" said the disguised monarch to his companion, after a hasty flight, when they were fairly beyond the reach of pursuit, "that was an adventure worth meeting with ; by the saddle of the holy dromedary, she is a splendid girl ! Her name is Misfortune, eh ! Mashallah, please God, we will change all that ;" and the Caliph fell to cogitating most furiously.

The following morning, the astonishment which the unaccountable escape of the prisoners had excited in the harem of the Khan of Farsistan was further increased by an imperial message requiring him to conduct his daughter Ilassa, with her favourite Georgian slave, to the foot of the throne. The mention of the slave occasioned the greatest amazement, not only in her own mind, but also in that of her mistress, when she could disengage her thoughts from the magnificent visions that crowded upon her imagination. Commanded to attend a private audience of the Caliph ! She thought of the vacant quarto-matrimonial office, and her step became yet more queenly, and her head was thrown back with an imperial toss which showed the kind of fancy-work going on within it. Magnificently attired, her features, however, concealed by an exquisitely wrought veil of Thibet, which yet allowed the graces of a fine but not sufficiently rounded form to be fully displayed, she bowed before the throne of the master of the world. At a little distance behind knelt the Georgian, adorned not more richly than the evening before, yet revealing beneath that simple dress a beauty of shape, feature, and expression which her haughty mistress had often envied. Besides the governor and the vizier, with a guard of black eunuchs, none else was present.

"Karim!" said the monarch. The governor bowed to the earth. "Karim, we have heard from many of the surpassing beauty and worth of your fair daughter. From what we have ourselves seen, we cannot doubt of the correctness of the general rumour. We have also not been unmindful of your great services to the house of Abbas, and we have decreed to repay them by an alliance, which, we hope, will bind you still nearer to our heart."

The governor again executed a prostration, and the very brain of the princess seemed to whirl with the giddiness of certain bliss. The Caliph continued.

"Among all who have spoken to our royal ears the praises of the unrivalled Ilasa, none have appeared to us more ardent and disinterested than our faithful vizier. Disinterestedness should be rewarded; and we have determined to unite our two most beloved servants yet closer in the bond of affection, by bestowing, with her consent and your permission, your lovely daughter on our excellent minister; and may they be blessed with a numerous progeny, who shall unite the beauty and mildness of their mother to the judgment and trustworthiness of the sire. What says the fair princess?"

It was well for Ilasa, at this moment, that her veil concealed her countenance, otherwise the lightning glance which she directed toward the thunderstruck vizier, while pronouncing in as composed a tone as possible the usual formula, "to hear is to obey," would have augured any thing but a serene honeymoon.

The Caliph then turned to the Georgian, and pronounced in a clear voice, which caused the heart of the timid girl to quake, "Slave! thy name?"

"Commander of the Faithful," she faltered, "they call me Ayesha."

"Who were your parents?" interrogated the monarch in the same tone.

"May it please your highness, I never knew them; I was taken captive in my infancy."

"Ahem! not know even her own father!" soliloquised Almamoun, apparently not well pleased at the reply. "That will never do."

"Commander of the Faithful," said the maiden hurriedly, as if surprised at her own temerity, "*we are all children of Adam.*"

The Caliph passed his hand across his brow; a new light seemed to break upon his mind, and his resolution was formed.

"Ayesha," he said mildly, "look up!" For the first time the damsel ventured to raise her eyes to the countenance of the Caliph, and there fixed them, with a doubtful, wondering, half-terrified gaze, that called a smile to the good-humoured face of the monarch. But when he changed the jewelled tiara which encircled and overshadowed

his brow for the simple turban of Egypt, lightning is not more rapid than the blush which overspread the cheek and bosom of the maiden ; and bowing her forehead as she knelt, even to the foot of the throne, she murmured, "Pardon, O sire, my presumption ! How could I know—?"

Almamoun descended from his seat, and raising the trembling Georgian from her place, he took her hand gently, and said, "Ayesha ! you could not have known ;—nor if you had, could you have acted more nobly. You gave me, as you thought, my life ; I can only repay you by offering you a fourth of my heart ; the other three quarters, I regret to say, are already shared. I have looked for beauty, nobleness, and womanly graces in the high-born and far-descended, and I find them in the humble and fatherless. But you will make up for want of pedigree in excess of love, won't you, my dear ?" What the lovely Ayesha answered history does not state ; but it is on record that the nuptials of Almamoun and his Georgian were the most magnificent that Bagdad had witnessed since the days of Ahaschid ; and they were rendered further memorable by the pardon of all the state criminals, and the release of the locust-eaten province from half its annual tribute, at the earnest intreaty of the new Caliphine. History also relates, that after a long and happy reign the good Caliph gave up the ghost in his favourite city of Balkh, and was there interred in a magnificent mausoleum, bearing the following pithy inscription :—

"Exult not, O man ! in thy greatness, neither boast of thy long line of mouldered grandsires ; for lo ! WE ARE ALL CHILDREN OF ADAM."

H. H.

ONNEKO.

A LEGEND.

THE frequent gleams of sunny gold,
 The pleasant showers of rain,
 And warmth pervading Nature, told
 That Spring had come again ;
 The leaf-buds swell'd upon the bough,
 The violet sprung and breath'd below,
 And sweetly from the hill
 The blue bird's merry carol blent,
 With flute like, murmuring voices, sent
 From many a snow-born rill.

In a wild lurking gorge that wound
Amid the mountain shade,
Lost in the mazes of their ground,
A group of hunters stray'd;
The weighty rifle, pouch, and horn,
Alike by youth and age were borne,
For toil their limbs had strung;
And woods, whose years were eagles' deaths,
Had melted with days' passing breaths,
Where'er their axes rung.

Oft did they seek that passage dark
To pierce with practis'd sight,
Oft scann'd the moss upon the bark
To guide their wanderings right;
Young grass from out its leafy screen
Spotted their path with tufts of green,
Crimson the maple glow'd,
The beech had tipp'd its sprays with fringe,
And the green spruce with brighter tinge
Its fresh grown edges show'd.

From the curl'd root the partridge whirr'd,
The strip'd snake sought its den,
Shrill chirp'd the squirrel, as were heard
Strange voices in the glen;
Filling the woods with transient roar
The startled pigeon flock whizz'd o'er,
The robin call'd in fright;
And once the branches near them crash'd,
And the fierce wild cat screaming dash'd
Before in leaping flight.

At length the misty atmosphere
Breath'd pestilent and damp,
And laurels clustering thick and drear,
Proclaim'd the sunken swamp;
Black straggling trees, with long gray moss
And rotting bark, like ghosts across
The waste, their branches spread,
A melancholy stillness reign'd
Around, as if there nought remain'd
But relics of the dead.

A thicket, denser than the rest,
Along their wayside grew,
And, plunging in its net-like breast,
Ha! what is that they view?
There sat a skeleton, with brow
Upon each bony arm stoop'd low,
As if in dark despair
Some weary wanderer of the woods,
Starving amid the solitudes,
Had stray'd, and perish'd there.

The creeping ground-pine turn'd about
Each shrunk and fleshless limb,
And the white wind-flower looked from out
The sockets black and grim;
Half hidden in the foliage round,
With which Spring clothes the forest ground
In blossom, leaf, and stalk,
Redden'd with rust, there lay upon
The moss, the fragment of a gun,
And broken tomahawk.

One with white hair and furrow'd brow
Had swept that hatchet bare,
And read the name of "Onneko"
In faint mark'd traces there;
The memory of a forest King
Was brought on Thought's recurring wing
From twilight of the past,
Who, 'mid his tribe's stern warriors, stood
Freedom's wild bulwark, till in blood
He conquer'd died, at last.

The old man told his story then
To sorrowing ears, though rude,
How once, within a forest glen
An Indian village stood;
The lake, which pictur'd in its glance
The council fire—the battle dance—
The pirogue's simple sail—
The war-post, where for Onneko
Each whooping warrior struck his blow,
And rush'd upon the trail.

Then, how the white men sought the lake,
Like vultures for their prey,
With craft and worthless toys to take
Those hunting grounds away;
How baffled—one wild night of dread,
The black sky gleam'd with lurid red
From burning roofs, and loud
The Sachem heard the musket crash,
And saw the blood-stain'd bayonet flash,
From out the sulphurous shroud.

Then how those smouldering heaps among
That prophesied his fate,
The madden'd chief his death-song sung,
And swore eternal hate;
In wolf-trod swamps and mountains, where
The lurking panther made his lair,
The noble savage fought;
There oft his war-whoop startled Fear,
Till on his last dead warrior's spear
He died the death he sought,

Then through that listening group, a grief
 Weighty and sad was spread,
 They with one impulse rais'd the chief
 From that damp thicket's bed.
 They delv'd a grave within the sod,
 While to the Indian's, Christian's God,
 The old man pour'd his prayer,
 Beneath a birch tree's tassell'd shade,
 The relics of the Sachem laid,
 And left him resting there.

A. B. S.

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LEAVES FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.

No. I.

Introduction to the Mexican coast—Encampment amongst the sand-hills—Natives—A funeral—A ride—Tampico—Packages ransacked—Travelling.

My account of our wanderings in a strange land must commence with a description of our rude introduction to its inhospitable coast. Not quite so bad was it as the landing made by the gentleman who swam to shore from his stranded bark with a large shark at his heels, into whose voracious jaws he flung his travelling cap, imploring the monster to content himself with that at present; whilst he was buffeting with the cruel sea, which "sucked him back to its insatiate grave," he the while sucking in a fair proportion of sand and salt water. Not quite so terrific as this was our landing; for though our poor little schooner suffered shipwreck, our landing was effected without swallowing any salt water, and without more of a ducking than would have been agreeable to me under different circumstances.

Shipwreck! What a host of horrid images does that word conjure up to the imagination of broken spars, and tattered sails, and gushing waters, and all the fear and anguish of a violent death. But on those sandy shores vessels are frequently cast away without much risk of life or property, except to the ship-owners, whose vessels are abandoned to the gradual destruction of the unsparing elements. Such was the case in the present instance.

We anchored about three leagues above Tampico bar, off a lee

shore, in a heavy swell, on a still, cloudy, sultry evening; one of those evenings which "e'en in their silence seem to brood" something portentous of approaching storms. The clouds hung heavily along the horizon, and seemed to mingle their huge masses with the heaving ocean. On one side stretched the Mexican coast, a bold mountain dimly visible in the distance. We had passed the mouth of the river; through a glass had been discerned the shipping that lies there; but the breeze came not which might have wafted us safely into harbour. So we came to anchor, as I said before, after uneasy consultations; and many an anxious gaze, weatherward, proving the dubious seamanship of the measure that was adopted at last. This idea, however, did not trouble me; for placing implicit confidence in the skill and experience of those in command, we retired to rest with our usual tranquillity; a calm as deceitful as that of the weather, which was rather disturbed about midnight by the hollow roaring sound of the approaching gale, like the low growl of a beast of prey ready to take its spring, and by the real spring of the Captain from his hammock on to the deck, with the hoarse ominous cry of "All hands on deck!" But "all hands" were fast asleep, and there was not a light on board, of which I was not at first aware, but discovered it by the reiterated shouts and curses of the Captain; upon which I felt for my magic matches, and raising the hatchway, called out at the top of my voice that I had a light for them. This effort relieved me from the terrible feelings that took possession of me during the first frightful minutes of darkness and confusion; confusion that was above me, and round about me, and busy at my heart; and yet in which I could take no share, nor lift a finger to avert the impending danger. In the meantime the howling of the gale increased every instant, and with it the uproar on deck; and, above all, we heard the Captain vociferate repeatedly "Does she drag?" At length the mate answered him that she had parted her cable, and then we said, "Now surely it is time to awaken the children and prepare for the worst, for, alas! it is all over with us." So I reluctantly raised them from their happy slumber, and at the moment I was lifting one of them from the berth, the vessel struck amid the breakers, and shipped a sea, which rushing down the companionway drenched us completely. For an instant it appeared that we were all afloat. The vessel turned on her side, and every moveable article flew forward as it were with a sudden impulse to obey the immutable laws of attraction; which we with some difficulty resisted. Soon after this the mate came down into the cabin, and by his assurances that we were in no danger dispelled our fears. He declared that every stroke of the vessel heaved her higher up on the beach, and

promised to have us safely carried ashore at day-break. Thus re-assured, we waited in a most drenched and comfortless condition till daylight should enable us to land in safety.

At early dawn we were summoned on deck, when the danger being over, we could contemplate without dismay the wild scene before us. The unfortunate little schooner, lying half on her side, was heaving heavily to every stroke of the sea which partially broke over her. The struggle was over. She had fought her way through those frightful breakers, which were roaring fiercely behind, as though still eager to pursue their prey; and now beyond their reach, lay sullenly resigned to her fate, like some luckless youth wrecked amid the breakers of disordered passions. He lives, it is true; but can float no more on the buoyant waves of a sunny existence. Stranded, listless, hopeless, he wears away the sad remainder of his life. Now we, though stranded, were neither listless, nor hopeless; but very much on the alert.

The sailors, who were bouncing about in the surf like great water dogs, carried us safely to shore; and there among the desolate sand-hills they had pitched for us a rude tent, with some loose spars and a huge sail they had contrived to drag through the waves. I felt grateful to the Captain and his mate for this ready provision for our comfort. They certainly spared no exertion nor contrivance by which they could in any way alleviate our melancholy condition during the two days we remained encamped on that dismal scorching coast.

On landing, some of the party expressed a fear that the natives might take advantage of our helpless situation; and I, ignorant of the peaceable character of the Mexicans in that quarter of the country, felt quite alarmed when I perceived some people approaching at a brisk pace along the shore. I urged the gentlemen to arm themselves, and retreated precipitately into the tent, dragging with me the poor half-dressed, dripping children. But the Captain laughed at my fears, and soon convinced me that the people at hand were only poor fellows who had been gathering oysters for the Tampico market, to which place they were carrying them on the backs of donkeys. These were the first Mexicans we had seen, and we eyed them with no small degree of curiosity. They were small in stature and nearly as dark as Indians, but otherwise not much resembling that race. They were not overburdened with clothing; a shirt, and loose cotton drawers reaching a little below the knee, being their only apparel. They carried short leather whips, or rather thongs, and ran barefoot after their donkeys.

In the course of the day my alarm was slightly renewed by the appearance of two strange, swarthy looking beings at the door of

the tent. They were dressed like the oystermen, with the addition of a kind of leather breastplates strapped over their shoulders, and tied round the middle with leather girdles, to which were attached great knives a foot and a half long. "Gracious Heaven!" thought I, "are they going to butcher us with those frightful knives!" But again my fears were without foundation. They were only poor wood-cutters, carrying those formidable looking weapons in the way of their business, and with no hostile intent. They came to beg a dram and a bit of sea biscuit, which was handed to them, and we were glad to see them move off.

We amused ourselves through the day by gathering shells on the beach and bathing in the surf. We also made a short exploring expedition, and roaming over the sand-hills, discovered a small lagoon, near which some deer were feeding, and great sea birds were winging their lazy flight. The excessive heat, however, made exercise unpleasant; it would have been intolerable but for a strong breeze off the sea. If we took shelter under the tent, the oppressive closeness of the air was more distressing than the scorching heat of the sun. Besides which, the wet sand that had clung to the sail of which the tent was formed, fell as it dried, and covered every thing, powdered our hair and mingled with our provisions. We felt no partiality for that sandy abode, but preferred a seat in the open air under shelter of an umbrella. But when night came there was no choice left us; so into the tent we went, and resigned ourselves to the heat and the sand, the sand flies and land crabs, which peered up their little glassy eyes at us out of holes in the ground, quite amazed at the sight of such intruders. Some custom-house officers too had found us out, and eyed us with equal curiosity. We returned them the compliment; but I could discover nothing in their appearance worthy of a second glance, except the peculiar manner in which their hair was dressed. It was shaved quite close at the back of the head, while the front locks were left long and frizzed fiercely round the face. This I find is a prevailing Mexican mode of hair dressing. One of these gentlemen had gathered a quantity of turtles' eggs on the beach, which formed an excellent addition to our supper.

The next morning, as the news of our disaster had reached Tampico, a party of gentlemen rode down to the wreck, from various motives of duty, interest, and curiosity. They were of various nations; Americans, English, Germans, Mexicans. They were all well mounted, with each a servant also on horseback, and formed quite a cavalcade as they came ambling along the beach. The costume of these gentlemen struck me as well suited to the climate. Large Panama hats, snow-white jacket and trowsers,

and linen in which appeared the most scrupulous attention to neatness. Some adopt the becoming addition of a scarlet sash round the waist.

That evening, as we were drinking our tea in the tent, two or three sailors appeared at the door, and asked abruptly, "Now, sir, shall we turn in and bury the cook!" Assent was given, and the ceremony was very unceremoniously performed. The poor fellow was a negro, and had been sick nearly from the time we left New Orleans, and on the morning we abandoned the vessel was so unwilling to leave his berth, that the sailors had to use force, and swing him over the side of the schooner with ropes fastened round him; and then, being a heavy man, it was with difficulty they removed him to a small tent raised for his accommodation, where he was afterwards found dead. So he was sewed up in a blanket, and placed upon a rudely constructed bier, from which the body fell twice as they were bearing it to a grave his shipmates had prepared for its reception, where the funeral service was read to the assembled crew from a prayer book that I was glad to see produced. One of the poor fellows begged to be allowed to place a cross there to mark the spot, which, with a seaman's oath, was peremptorily refused with what appeared to me mistaken zeal. I cannot understand what there is so offensive to a Christian eye in that most appropriate emblem of the sufferings of our Saviour. In such cases, when calamity consigns the remains of some unfortunate to unconsecrated ground, beyond the reach of the usual forms which hallow the place and solemnize the scene, that simple emblem seems to consecrate the spot and say, "Here lies a Christian."

The next morning we gained our first experience in Mexican travelling. Two men were sent down, with five horses, to carry me and my three children to Tampico, a distance of three or four leagues. Two of these Rosinantes were furnished with side-saddles, on one of which my little girl reluctantly took her first lesson in riding; the others were carried by the servants; and the extra horse, loaded with baggage, was tied to the tail of one of his companions. The animal which had thus the triple duty to perform of carrying a servant and child, and of leading another horse in the singular manner described, seemed rather the least stupid of the party; so he took the lead, and we followed in most irregular file along the shore.

We had not proceeded far when we were met by about twenty men on foot, a motley crew, whose wild looks and strange unpleasant countenances excited my curiosity as much as the novelty of our appearance riveted their attention. They wore coarse palm hats of every size and shape, which contrasted strongly with their

jet black hair and swarthy skins. They were bare-legged and bare-footed, and had little clothing beyond a shirt thrown open at the collar, and a pair of wide, short drawers. What surprised us the most was to see some of these beings striding along with their brawny limbs entirely exposed to the burning rays of the sun; naked with the exception of drawers fastened round the loins, and tucked tightly up far above the knee; in which state of semi-nudity I have since seen many of the labourers at work.

"Who, and what are these?" we asked of our guide, who was "Portuguese John" the interpreter; and who informed us in very good English that they were labourers sent down from Tampico to assist in unloading the vessel. They passed us at a brisk pace, chattering and laughing, as though trouble sat as lightly on them as their clothing: and in my mind I compared their heedless hilarity with the dignified gravity of our North American republicans.

We had occasionally to wind our way round abrupt points of land, the bases of which were washed by the surge; whilst the retiring wave left a firm footing for the animals. Round these points the led horse objected to pass, and invariably expressed his unwillingness by squatting on his haunches and holding back with all his might. Thus was our little party thrown into confusion. The children screamed, the men shouted their Spanish vociferations, and thick fell the blows of the whip. But after leaving the shore we had no further difficulties to encounter. Our lazy nags led us slowly through thickets of a species of the banyan tree, where the children observed with delight large hanging nests of birds quite new to them, and a variety of plants and flowers, all rendered charming by novelty.

At the mouth of the river is a cluster of bamboo huts, in one of which, the domicile of our guide, we stopped and rested, and looked at some half-dressed, lazy looking women, who, sitting in low seats with their great, bare, brown arms lolling across their knees, eyed us with stupid curiosity. I would fain have addressed them, and exercised the traveller's privilege of asking questions; but, alas! my ignorance of the Spanish language set a seal upon my tongue.

Yet more did I lament this deficiency when I found myself the inmate of a foreign merchant in Tampico, in whose household Spanish was the only language made use of, except by the head of the establishment, a young German, who, fortunately for us, spoke English. In a foreign accent he gave us hospitable welcome, and we thankfully accepted the accommodation he politely offered, as Tampico afforded no decent place of public entertainment.

On the opposite corner of a cross street stood a large coffee-house, the resort of foreigners; where from my window I observed

a party of gentlemen at a billiard table in a well-lighted room, amongst them our host, engaged with all the energy and interest that belong to that beautiful game. Shortly afterwards he entered my room, still flushed, and out of breath with the exercise he had taken; and I could scarcely repress a smile when he apologised for having so long absented himself, and pleaded an extraordinary press of business to which even the rites of hospitality must yield!

Tampico is pleasantly situated on the river of the same name, within view of the sea, and within sound of the roaring of the breakers on the bar at the mouth of the river. Near it is a lake, which is the chief cause of the fatal distempers which rage there at certain seasons. A person who had resided there for a length of time informed me, that a few years previous, during the dry season, the bed of the lake was left without water, when the exhalations from the mud and putrifying fish had so pestilential an effect on the atmosphere, as to tarnish the colour of silver money carried in the pocket. Those who remained there and lived through that season, professed themselves proof against *malaria* or *miasma*.

In the course of our walks round the town we observed many pleasant looking dwellings, with small gardens, in which the plantana or banana flourished with its rich clusters of fruit. The respectable establishments of the resident foreigners have quite an imposing appearance beside the small flat-roofed Mexican houses, with their low doors and unglazed windows; and these last are splendid abodes compared to the wretched huts of the poor, who form the most numerous part of the population. They are a slothful race, content to live in wretchedness rather than make any effort to better their condition. A scourge at that time appeared amongst them, to which their squalid, comfortless state rendered them peculiarly a prey. The very day of our arrival the cholera seized its first victim, a beautiful young Mexican, whose untimely fate created some excitement, and put a stop to a grand ball that was to have taken place that night, and for which the poor lady had furnished herself with a wreath of flowers. Her husband, who was passionately fond of her, adopted a singular mode of proving his affection. When she was first seized with the fatal disorder, so great was his grief and consternation, that he fled to the house of a friend a few miles off in the country, from which he did not return till after she was buried! Thus was his poor wife abandoned to her servants, who in their ignorant stupidity aggravated instead of alleviating her sufferings.

When we left New Orleans, her polluted streets, and loathsome, half floating cemeteries were yet reeking from the effects of that

cruel disorder, which followed us like a grim phantom to a foreign land, and there stalked after us, and round about us, nor departed till it had snatched from our family circle one of its brightest ornaments.

The appearance of this disease threw many difficulties in the way of our leaving Tampico, as the country people were deterred by it from coming in with their mules; and it was on the muleteers we had to depend entirely for the conveyance of our baggage into the interior. The most bulky and valuable part of our luggage was in the hold of the vessel, from whence the Captain refused to remove it before we left the shore, in consequence of which it fell into the clutches of some land sharks, from whom we could devise no means of rescuing it, though we made repeated applications through the American Consul. And when, after many weeks' delay, our packages were at last forwarded to us, many valuable articles were "*found missing*." Silver forks and spoons had been *appropriated*, and two large pier glasses, &c. And our books!—alas! they had been ransacked, mutilated, and reduced to odd volumes; but there was no redress to be had, "no remedy but tears." They even broke open my writing-desk, and purloined several quires of fine gilt-edged letter paper. The *common post* they left for me, and I employed it in writing memorandums, which, "revised and corrected," will be submitted with due humility to the inspection of comfortable individuals, "who sit at home at ease," and know nothing of travelling,—its dangers, difficulties, and delights,—except from the pens of those whose crude attempts at description they are called upon to criticise.

When I speak of travelling, I do not allude to the swift transition of our busy citizens from one crowded city to another in the ever-ready steamboats, stages, or railroad cars; by means of which they may ascend and descend rivers, cross bays, and traverse leagues, without once gazing on the fair face of nature, or inhaling for more than a passing moment her pure breezes. In place of these rise suffocating vapours from the roaring engine, and the unwholesome atmosphere of stove-heated cabins filled with endless varieties of the "human face divine," (so called by courtesy,) where the sweet sounds of singing birds, and rustling leaves, and the wild choruses of winds and waters, are exchanged for the bustling and squealing of babies and their mammas, or "the din, the hum, the shock of men," till all is drowned in the rude snorting of the impetuous steam. Is this travelling?—yes, certainly—the best possible mode of travelling—the most convenient, the most expeditious. Be it so—granted—all its conveniences and incalculable advantages,—but commend me to a good horse, good servants, a mountain

road, and pleasant companions; and let *accommodations* take care of themselves, and steam power go to—but I must not say a word in disparagement of steam power in this enlightened land, where thousands of engines noisily proclaim their importance. This is a long digression. Where was I?—travelling—yes, “fighting my battles o’er again” in my memorandum book, which tells of genuine, primitive travelling over roads where wheels have made no tracks, and the Jehu’s whip was never heard.

THE ELYSIAN ISLE.

“It arose before them, the most beautiful island in the world—”

Irving’s Columbus

“And to the voyager’s eye, this island, clothed in the richest verdure, and bathed by the warm airs of the tropics, seemed to realize the poet’s fabled Elysium.”

Anon.

It was a sweet and pleasant isle—
As fair as isle could be;
And the wave that kissed its sandy shore
Was the wave of the Indian sea.

It seemed an emerald set by Heaven
On the Ocean’s dazzling brow—
And where it glowed long ages past,
It glows as greenly now.

I’ve wandered oft in its valleys bright,
Through the gloom of its leafy bowers,
And breathed the breath of its spicy gales
And the scent of its countless flowers.

I’ve seen its bird with the crimson wing
Float under the clear blue sky;
I’ve heard the notes of its mocking bird
On the evening waters die.

In the starry noon of its brilliant night,
When the world was hushed in sleep—
I dreamed of the shipwrecked gems that lie
On the floor of the soundless deep.

And I gathered the shells that buried were
In the heart of its silver sands,
And tossed them back on the running wave,
To be caught by viewless hands.

There are sister-spirits that dwell in the sea,
 Of the spirits that dwell in the air;
 And they never visit our Northern clime,
 Where the coast is bleak and bare:

But around the shores of the Indian isles
 They revel and sing alone—
 Though I saw them not, I heard by night
 Their low, mysterious tone.

Elysian isle! I may never view
 Thy birds and roses more,
 Nor meet the kiss of thy loving breeze
 As it seeks thy jewelled shore.—

Yet thou art treasured in my heart
 As in thine own deep sea;
 And, in all my dreams of the spirits' home,
 Dear isle, I picture thee!

P. B.

A GOOD OLD CUSTOM.

YES, a good old custom, which the *new* people of our Babylonian city are every year trying to put down among us; it is for that we ask your aid, dear Ammon; and by giving a place to the following extract from a fashionable novel of some three centuries hence, you may put an end to all such attempts in future, and oblige many

A DAUGHTER OF ST. NICHOLAS.

“The sun shone brightly, as it always ought to shine on the first of January, when young Osceola Fitzjacksonhoff ordered up his airiole, and stepping lightly into it from the skylight of his library, slipped the check of the propeller, and commenced his morning peregrinations. It was new year's day of the year 2000, and the observance of one of the most time-honoured customs of the metropolis seemed to have called all the male population abroad. The air immediately above the city was alive with gay aëripages, and groups of well-dressed alestrians continually flying to and fro; while the wild and not unpleasing notes of the steam flutes with which each pleasure car was supplied, executing some lively strain of our best Colonic composers, gave the highest animation to the scene. Vehicles of every kind appeared to be in requisition. Here might be seen the lumbering but roomy and comfortable cloud-coach, tracking its way with huge air buckets and ponderous

piston to convey a fur-wrapped party of veteran visitors to their destination. There the light single-cylinder-volant with its well imitated wings, might be discovered hovering around a balcony to land its fashionable owner. Now a tawdry aëricle would flaunt up from the unknown regions below Union Place, and now the trim and clean-built vis-air-vis or dashing flaërup, with its brace of mustachoed bloods, would catch the delighted eye as they reined up near some lofty portico. The sky-omnibuses were as usual dressed up with evergreens ; and the mirth called out by the stable wit of their racing drivers was echoed by peals of laughter from the door of some floating restaurant, where a covey of winged urchins were regaling themselves. Mirth and good humour, indeed, seemed the order of the day ; and our hero felt his spirits rise as he gradually mounted to a sufficient height to take a survey of the scene we have attempted to describe. Bevvies of alestrians were continually flying past him, and Fitzjacksonhoff recognized more than one of his friends, who, having no vehicle of his own, was compelled to go on wing. "Smith," he cried, as a young gentleman of that ancient and extensive family flew slowly by him, "Smith, my dear fellow, a happy new year to you—What! alone are you? Pray jump in and take a seat beside me."

"Thank you, thank you—happy new year to you—with pleasure," answered the other, as, somewhat out of breath, he accepted the offer and seated himself in the airiole. "The truth is," continued Smith, "that I've just been longing for an offer of this kind—it's impossible to engage an air hack on this day ; and as I have nine hundred visits to pay, I'm really tired of trudging along on wing."

"Nine hundred, my boy," cried Osceola, "a mere trifle ; let me look at your visiting list, and I will drop you just where you please."

* * * * *

IMPROMPTU.

TO A LADY WHO TALKED OF COMMUNING WITH THE STARS WHEN SHE WAS SAD.

Oh, tell not the stars—the gay stars, of thy sadness—
 If moments there be, when the feeling steals o'er thee—
 They may shine like the world o'er thy moments of gladness,
 And gild each bright thought with a ray of their glory.
 But their beams are too cold, and too far off, for sorrow
 To awaken a sigh from their chorus of mirth ;
 And the soul that in sadness would sympathy borrow
 Must look for a *lender* much nearer the earth.
 Then lavish no more on those chilly orbs yonder
 The treasures of feeling they cannot return ;
 Awhile on the planet from which thy thoughts wander,
 There is one heart at least will with sympathy burn.

H.*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Poems. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co. 1836.

THE day when the principal poem in this collection was delivered at Cambridge will not soon pass from our memory; and if the Phi Beta Kappa Society had produced no other poems—as it has many others as good, and one or two superior—than the one before us, it would deserve well of the poetical literature of the country. A brilliant, airy, and *spirituel* manner, varied with striking flexibility to the changing sentiment of the poem—now deeply impassioned, now gaily joyous and nonchalant, and anon springing up almost into an actual flight of rhapsody—rendered the delivery of this poem a rich, nearly a dramatic entertainment, such as we have rarely witnessed. A grave, learned, and most intellectual discourse * formed the solid part of this feast; and when this had been finished, the cloth cleared, and the *entremets* of a little music had been discussed, on came the mellow wine, the ingenious, heterogeneous “Trifle,” the fine-grained crystals of “Ices,” and the golden fruit of a Desert, in the shape of this beautiful poem. They did these things well at the Olympic games; but probably no better. Toil-stained and engrossed with business as we are—we Yankees—we can still go up to some of our favourite old shrines on a gala day, out of the warehouse, the forum, the crowded thoroughfares of Gain; and shaking off the dust of our lives’ drudgery, sit down to the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures, than which the civilization of the world, ancient or modern, has invented nothing higher or more refined. Yes, we can do it. There are minds—scattered units in the great multitude of the common mind, no matter how devoted that great multitude is to its worldly goods—capable and ready, at any and at all times, to furnish these exquisite intellectual repasts. And they do furnish them. Let a tradition of some such institution as the Phi Beta Kappa go down to after-times, with perhaps a fragment or two of some orations or some poem luckily preserved, with dim notions of their reference or connection to the times, and “what a refined—what an intellectual people were those Americans! How they delighted in the feasts of reason! How they basked themselves in the flow of soul!”

“Poetry; a Metrical Essay,” is the title of the principal piece; and in the preface its scope and connexion are pointed out as intended to illustrate the progress of poetry through different stages, answering to different epochs in the history of the human race. First comes Pastoral or Descriptive Poetry, which allows a digression upon home and the introduction of a descriptive lyric. Second, the period of Martial Poetry, in which a national and patriotic lyric is introduced. Third, the Epic or Historic period of Poetry. Fourth, the period of Dramatic Poetry, the highest reach of the Art. We shall go along through the poem, marking the beauties and defects as they occur under each head. We commend the

* By Dr. Wayland of Brown University.

whole piece for its brilliancy, vigour, and finish, the beauty of its imagery, and the very happy adaptation of language to sentiment, and of sound to sense, which, with a few exceptions, prevails throughout. One thing has particularly struck us in reading this poem as well as the whole volume,—that the writer is one of that class of poets who look upon Nature with an accurate and scientific, as well as a poetical eye. None but a close and well-informed observer of the external world would pen such passages as the following.

“THE morning light, which rains its quivering beams
Wide o’er the plains, the summits, and the streams,
In one broad blaze expands its golden glow
On all that answers to its glance below;
Yet, changed on earth, each far reflected ray
Braids with fresh hues the shining brow of day;
Now, clothed in blushes by the painted flowers,
Tracks on their cheeks the rosy-fingered hours;
Now, lost in shades, whose dark, entangled leaves
Drip at the noontide from their pendent eaves,
Fades into gloom, or gleams in light again
From every dew-drop on the jewelled plain.”

The same remark may be made of an extremely delicate idea in the second stanza of the Lyric introduced into the first topic or era of the poem. He is speaking of the two churches at Cambridge.

“Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
The dead that lie between:
And both roll out, so full and near,
Their music’s mingling waves,
*They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear,
Leans on the narrow graves.*”

We cannot avoid quoting three other stanzas from this beautiful lyric; and in doing so would remind the reader that the speaker stood, when they were uttered, within sight of the home of his childhood, and but a few feet from the grave of her who is so touchingly apostrophised, and who lies in the ancient churchyard, where “all that a century left above” may be read of in an hour.

“And one amid these shades was born,
Beneath this turf who lies,
Once beaming as the summer’s morn,
That closed her gentle eyes;—
If sinless angels love as we,
Who stood thy grave beside,
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
The daughter, sister, bride!

“I wandered to the buried mound
When earth was hid, below
The level of the glaring ground,
Choked to its gates with snow,
And when with summer’s flowery waves
The lake of verdure rolled,
As if a Sultan’s white-robed slaves
Had scattered pearls and gold.

“Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
That lift this trembling tone,
Its breath of love may almost bear,
To kiss thy funeral stone;—

And, now thy smiles have past away,
 For all the joy they gave,
 May sweetest dews and warmest ray
 Lie on thine early grave!"

We hail with peculiar pleasure the thrilling stanzas which were first known to the public by the title of "Old Ironsides." And here we have to relate an anecdote, which is as striking an illustration as ever came to our knowledge, of the truth of that saying, "Let me make the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." They were printed in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," at the time when the frigate *Constitution* lay at the navy yard in Charlestown, and it was proposed to break her up as unfit for service; and had it not been for these indignant stanzas, the old ship would have been dismantled. We state this on undoubted authority. The department had actually determined upon breaking up the ship. The order was about to be issued when these verses appeared. They ran through every newspaper in the Union, and were circulated through the city of Washington in handbills; and so loud and indignant became the public opposition to the measure, that Mr. Secretary Branch, not choosing to encounter the odium which would have followed the destruction of the venerable old frigate, ordered her to be refitted for sea.*

We commend the following description to the whole race of the pseudo geniuses, who will find in it their own characteristics well set forth.

"There is a race, which cold, ungenial skies
 Breed from decay, as fungous growths arise;
 Though dying fast, yet springing fast again,
 Which still usurps an unsubstantial reign.
 With frames too languid for the charms of sense,
 And minds worn down with action too intense;
 Tired of a world whose joys they never knew,
 Themselves deceived, yet thinking all untrue;
 Scarce men without, and less than girls within,
 Sick of their life before its cares begin;—
 The dull disease, which drains their feeble hearts,
 To life's decay some hectic thrills imparts,
 And lends a force, which, like the maniac's power,
 Pays with blank years the frenzy of an hour.

"And this is Genius! Say, does heaven degrade
 The manly frame, for health, for action made?
 Break down the sinews, rack the brow with pains,
 Blanch the bright cheek, and drain the purple veins,
 To clothe the mind with more extended sway,
 Thus faintly struggling in degenerate clay?

"No! gentle maid, too ready to admire,
 Though false its notes, the pale enthusiast's lyre;
 If this be genius, though its bitter springs
 Glowed like the morn beneath Aurora's wings,
 Seek not the source whose sullen bosom feeds
 But fruitless flowers, and dark, envenomed weeds.

"But, if so bright the dear illusion seems,
 Thou wouldst be partner of thy poet's dreams,
 And hang in rapture on his bloodless charms,
 Or die, like Raphael, in his angel arms;

* These spirited stanzas have already appeared in this Magazine. See Vol. I., (New Series,) page 307. Critical Notice of the *Laurel*.

Go, and enjoy thy blessed lot,—to share
In Cowper's gloom, or Chatterton's despair!

"Not such were they, whom, wandering o'er the waves
I looked to meet, but only found their graves;
If friendship's smile, the better part of fame,
Should lend my song the only wreath I claim,
Whose voice would greet me with a sweeter tone,
Whose living hand more kindly press my own,
Than theirs,—could Memory, as her silent tread
Prints the pale flowers that blossom o'er the dead,
Those breathless lips, now closed in peace, restore,
Or wake those pulses hushed to beat no more?

"Thou, calm, chaste scholar! I can see thee now,
The first young laurels on thy pallid brow,
O'er thy slight figure floating lightly down
In graceful folds the academic gown,
On thy curled lip the classic lines, that taught
How nice the mind that sculptured them with thought,
And triumph glistening in the clear blue eye,
Too bright to live,—but oh, too fair to die!

"And thou, dear friend, whom Science still deploras,
And love still mourns, on ocean-severed shores,
Though the bleak forest twice has bowed with snow,
Since thou wast laid its budding leaves below,
Thine image mingles with my closing strain,
As when we wandered by the turbid Seine,
Both blest with hopes, which revelled, bright and free,
On all we longed, or all we dreamed to be;
To thee the amaranth and the cypress fell,—
And I was spared to breathe this last farewell!"

But we must be just while we are generous; and among the faults which we have noticed is one of *obscurity*, arising sometimes from the blending of incongruous figures, and sometimes from the use of a wrong word. Thus, in the opening of the poem, the "*Ray* of the past" is called upon to break through the "clouds of Fancy's waning year," and "*furl* from her breast the thin autumnal snow." Now a *ray* (of light) may very well *melt* "from her breast the thin autumnal snow;" but to *furl* presents a very different image, and one that is more remote from the action of a *ray* than even poetical language will justify.

The following line requires to be reflected upon with a good degree of subtle and nice reasoning before one perceives the meaning; an exercise of faculties which ought not to be required of his readers by a writer of good poetry.

"The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh."

Our solution is, that the same gale which brings the stranger to our shores, bears home the sigh of those who are wandering abroad: a very pretty image, but it takes too long a time to get at it.

Here is a passage which is open to the same criticism. It has meaning and connexion: but the lines require to be read over repeatedly, and the members of the different sentences *collated* with each other in different positions before the meaning is perceived.

"But Art's fair fabric, strengthening as it rears
Its laurelled columns through the mist of years,
As the blue arches of the bending skies
Still gird the torrent, following as it flies,

Spreads, with the surges bearing on mankind,
Its starred pavilion o'er the tides of mind!"

In the piece called "An Evening Thought," the first four lines present a strangely incongruous image.

"If sometimes *in* the dark blue eye,
Or *in* the deep red wine,
Or soothed by gentlest melody,
Still warms *this heart of mine* —"

The heart may very well warm *to* "the dark blue eye" of another, or *to* "the deep red wine;" but we submit to the accomplished author that it does not warm *in* the eye of another, or *in* the wine, unless the meaning be that the heart warms when *in the light* of the eye, or *in the scenes* of wine and wassail; which we think is going too far out of the scope of the language for a meaning.

"I love you all! there *radiates* from our own
A *soul* that lives in every shape we see."

This very careless and incongruous expression occurs in a beautiful piece entitled, "To my Companions," addressed to the furniture of the author's room. (We are skimming along, reviewing after the fashion of John Neal in his Yankee; and as that excellent critic would have exclaimed)—think of a *soul radiating*!

Turning back again into the principal poem, we find a passage in the *third* period, in which Homer is alluded to, and in which the sentiments, beautiful in themselves, are expressed in so strained and almost fantastic a manner as to need no little hard study to make them out.

"Lo the blind dreamer, kneeling on the sand
To trace there records with his doubtful hand;
In fabled tones his own emotion flows,
And other lips repeat his silent woes:
In Hector's infant see the babes that shun
Those death-like eyes, unconscious of the sun:
Or in his hero hear himself deplore,
'Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.'"

The meaning of this is, that poetry is the expression of individual feeling. To the author our criticism may seem hypercritical; for when a man has once cast his sentiments in a certain mould, it is almost impossible for him to see that it is not the best he could have chosen. The reader, then, must be the judge between poet and critic in this as in all other cases.

If it were an easy thing to characterize that which immediately impresses itself upon every one, (as it is *not* an easy thing in *any* department of art,) we would endeavour to describe the peculiarities of this author's peculiar powers. Humour is largely developed as the phrenologist would say, but it is a humour with a strong dash of pathos. The grotesque addresses itself to his perceptions, mingled and entwined with the touching, the beautiful, and the true; and when his mood or subject exclude all intrusion of the ludicrous, nothing can exceed the grace, and beauty, and purity of his sentiment. "The Last Leaf," "The Spectre Pig," "My Aunt," and many other pieces in the department of the grotesque, will show the truth of our criticism; and in the simply beautiful, the reader will notice "From a Bachelor's Private Journal," "Stanzas," on page 65, and "L'Inconnue."

We have treated this volume in the regular way of impartial criticism, notwith-

standing the author's playful attempt to disarm us, by declaring that his hopes are not all ventured upon poetry, or upon these essays in the art. We congratulate him that it is so, and we congratulate the science to which he has devoted himself. But, though the position of a writer who writes for his own amusement,

" And like a little bird sings loud and clear,
Uncaring who or what may chance to hear,"

is both graceful, and generally brings success; yet a book is a book, and as a book it must be dealt with. We greet it with delight, but mark its faults; we prize the treasure we have found, but the specks that mar its lustre must not be overlooked.

A new and copious Lexicon of the Latin Language, compiled chiefly from the Magnum Totius Latinitatis Lexicon of Facciolati and Forcellini, and the German works of Scheller and Lueneman. Edited by F. P. Leverett. Boston, J. H. Wilkins, and R. B. Carter, and Hilliard, Gray & Co. New-York, Leavitt, Lord & Co. 1836. pp. 1004.

WE greet this book with melancholy interest. The pride and pleasure which we feel in the thought that a work so learned, so elaborate, so admirable in every respect, has proceeded from our country, are sadly alloyed by our regret at the untimely death of its learned editor. Mr. Leverett lived just long enough to carry through the press this work to which he had devoted so much time and labour; and the correction of the final proof sheet was among the last, if not the very last, of his labours. The loss of a man like him, in early manhood too, is not easily replaced. Mr. Leverett's singular modesty and the reserve of his manners obscured his rare merit, or rather concealed it from the observation of the many; and it was not until we saw him no more that we learned fully to appreciate him. He was a man of accurate and profound learning, with none of the arrogance or pedantry of learning. His life was the life of a scholar, laborious but uneventful. He had from his youth devoted himself to the profession of teaching, for which his qualifications were of the highest order. Strict, but consistent in his strictness, and withal perfectly just and impartial, he ensured respect and obedience without forfeiting affection. He had an honourable desire for excellence in his profession, which, no less than his conscientious regard to duty, made him labour indefatigably in his vocation, and give to it all the resources of his mind and all the energies of his vigorous character. Nor was his success disproportioned to his rare merit. Not only were all his scholars admirably trained, and those firm foundations laid in their minds on which alone a solid superstructure of scholarship can be reared; not only did parents esteem it a privilege to have their sons under his charge; but he elevated the profession itself by the learning and talents which he consecrated to it. With a laudable desire to furnish himself with the best materials for the prosecution of his honourable employment, he spent much time, patience, and learning in the preparation of classical school-books. He prepared excellent editions of Juvenal, and Persius, and Cæsar, for the use of schools; and compiled a new Latin tutor, incomparably superior to any thing before it. He also assisted in preparing an edition of Cornelius Nepos.

Mr. Leverett's private character was in the highest degree estimable, and even admirable. Perhaps his most conspicuous trait was his uniform and consistent

conscientiousness. His life was a perpetual obedience to duty. He revered its dictates in the smallest as well as the greatest things. Though his blameless and upright life made every one respect and esteem him, he was not a popular man. His manners were not particularly attractive, and his domestic and laborious habits left him but little time (even if he had had inclination) to cultivate miscellaneous acquaintances; but where he was known, he was loved; and, what is more, where he was best known, he was most loved. His friends reposed entire confidence in him, and leaned upon him as upon one not to be moved or shaken. To many his loss is irreparable; and the void he has left in the community will not soon be filled. His peculiar and unobtrusive style of excellence is as rare as, and more useful than, the more dazzling attributes of mind. Of the eccentric and erratic elements which are so largely mingled up with genius, there is always legitimate excuse for being a little afraid; but in a man like Mr. Leverett there is no room for a shadow of distrust or anxiety. His mind was so sound and vigorous, and he had so much of straight-forward simplicity of character, of moral energy and of directness of purpose, that we felt assured that his progress would have been steadily onward, and that good influences would have beamed from every point of his path.

In this Latin Lexicon, the closing labour of Mr. Leverett's life, we have a monument of patient toil quite remarkable in this restless and superficial age. The want of such a manual has long been felt in the community. With nothing have we been more poorly supplied than with vocabularies of the Latin language of a popular character and at a moderate price. The abridgement of Ainsworth, generally used in schools, has but little to recommend it. Dr. Adam, the well-known author of the *Roman Antiquities*, compiled a much better Latin dictionary, which is however very rarely to be met with, and has, we believe, never been republished in this country. The invaluable work of Facciolati and Forcellini, besides being too bulky for a daily manual of reference, is far too costly for the majority of scholars. Most of the students of Latin in our country were consequently without the scholar's most essential want—a good manual for reference and consultation; and their progress could not have been but materially retarded by reason thereof.

This want can no longer be felt. We have here a lexicon of the Latin tongue which leaves nothing to be desired; which is full enough for the wants of the most advanced scholar, not too bulky for daily use, and cheap enough to ensure it a general circulation.

The most obvious advantage which this Lexicon has over preceding works of the kind, consists in the copiousness of its vocabulary. It is not too much to say, that in this respect it is incapable of improvement, and that it contains every word in the Latin language; not only all those which are to be found in the classical writers, but those less common and obvious ones, which, from their obsolescence or their technical character, are seldom to be met with. In words and phrases belonging to the civil law, it is particularly rich. Its vocabulary of proper names is also ample. Those who have experienced the vexation of looking for a word in the dictionary and not finding it, will be prepared to appreciate a work in which they may be secure from its recurrence.

The true test of a dictionary, however, is its definitions; and in this respect Mr. Leverett's Lexicon will come out triumphant from the most rigid scrutiny. The definitions are at once copious and exact. The connexion is traced between the secondary and the primitive meanings of words, and the shades of distinction between synonymes are clearly explained. The definitions are very fully illustrated by examples, which are generally translated. The accurate scholar will not fail to notice with approbation the attention which has been bestowed upon the adverbs, prepositions, and particles generally. Nor has the editor confined him-

self to the task of finding an English meaning for every Latin word; in many cases he has gone much farther, and given us the elucidations of an encyclopædia rather than the definitions of a dictionary; and has not hesitated frequently to call in the aid of history, geography, botany, mineralogy, and antiquities to explain allusions and illustrate words and phrases. See, for instance, the words "*castra, veles, prator, labarum, legio*," as examples in point.

To most of the words a Greek synonyme is also given. This, besides often shedding an unexpected light upon the meaning of a Latin word, is commendable, as helping to make the study of the two languages proceed "*pari passu*"—a consummation much to be desired. The work is also intended to be used as a Gradus, and the quantity of each syllable is marked with great care and correctness. We hope that this labour on the part of the Editor may have some effect in correcting the barbarous pronunciation so common in our schools and colleges, and which is so grating to well-trained ears.

The publishers and printers deserve very great praise for the manner in which this Lexicon is got up; for its paper, the beauty and clearness of the type, and the extreme accuracy with which it has been printed. The greatest pains have evidently been taken to ensure typographical correctness, and it has been attained to a degree which would be remarkable in any country; and which in our own (so far as works of this kind are concerned) is quite unprecedented.

In closing this brief and imperfect notice, we feel that we are far from having done justice to the admirable work which is its subject. Indeed, it would require a long and elaborate review fully to expound its merits and its infinite superiority over every other work of the kind. It reflects honour, not only upon every person engaged in its preparation, but upon our country; and we have all a just right to feel proud that a work so learned, so correct, so elaborate, is the result of American ability and industry, and American enterprise. Wherever the Latin language is studied and the English language spoken, it will be received with grateful acknowledgements. No scholar will feel that his library is perfect without a copy. Especially and with peculiar delight will it be hailed by those who are in the more advanced stages of their classical education—to young men in colleges and the older lads in schools and academies. To them it will be a friend indeed, disentangling what is involved, illumining what is dark, and giving them such help as the generation that went before them knew nothing of. To us the harmonious couplets of Virgil, and the golden periods of Cicero, are things to be remembered rather than enjoyed; but in those days, when they were a familiar presence, we should have hailed this Lexicon as a voice from heaven, answering the questions and resolving the doubts which Ainsworth has prudently declined noticing.

That this Lexicon must immediately drive every other dictionary out of the market, we cannot for a moment entertain a doubt. Books, far inferior to this, have in other countries made the fortune of editors and publishers; and that the like good luck may attend upon this work, we most devoutly hope. It would be but a fair return for the ability displayed in it, and it is high time that literary talent should cease to be at such discount in the market as it has hitherto been in our country.

Mr. Midshipman Easy, by the Author of "Peter Simple," &c.
Boston. Marsh, Capen & Lyon.

THE publication of this work presents an occasion for us to consider briefly a question of momentous importance to the literature of this country. We refer to

that which has of late afforded a topic of considerable discussion, viz: whether it be expedient that English authors should be allowed the privilege of copyright in the United States?

We unhesitatingly answer, "Yes!"—and there are several urgent reasons, which the limits of a critical notice do not allow us presently to advance, but out of which we select a few; proffering these to the meditation of our readers till we shall have time to arrange a more formal argumentation or dissertation concerning the existing copyright law. In the first place, to allow English authors to take out copyrights for their works on this side of the water, would be but a generous reciprocation of the favour and advantage which our writers have freely enjoyed on the other side. We believe that we do not misstate, when we hazard the assertion that both Cooper and Irving have derived the greater part of the emolument flowing from their books, in England. This is also true of Mr. N. P. Willis, whose case is more directly to the point. Messrs. Saunders and Otley are this writer's publishers, both in England and in the United States; and they can take out copyrights in both countries so as to secure to themselves that fair remuneration which will enable them to compensate the author for the sale of his works in both markets. Not so with the English author, who constitutes the same Saunders and Otley publishers of his books here. These publishers can extend to him no compensation for the American sale, because they are liable to be "cut in upon" at the moment of publication. Indeed, they no sooner announce an English work, than another house speeds on in preparation to grapple with its reprinting the very instant it appears. The most combustible materials are set ablaze under the boiler of a steam-engine of fourteen horse power; the steam presses are set at work, and a second edition is tossed off into the lap of the public in thirty-six hours after the issuing of the first! Half price is charged, and though it be printed in inferior style on inferior wet paper, the multitude buy it, and the pirated edition ruins the copyright one. From this cause a British author cannot enjoy in America that privilege which has never been withheld from an American author in Great Britain.

In the second place, the present copyright law acts like a tariff upon our authors in favour of our booksellers; thus introducing that principle, more obnoxious than any other to the spirit of republicanism—the oppression of one class of citizens for the benefit of another class. So long as a publisher can get a good book from England for nothing, he will of course publish that in preference to a manuscript, for which he will have to pay something.

In the third place, abstractly speaking, an English book has a decided advantage over an American; simply because, as a copyright has to be paid on the latter, the former can be sold at a much less price. Take two scientific works on the same subject, American and English—suppose the American the superior of the two—if they be issued together, the English will be generally received, for it can be purchased at one half the cost of the American—that is, if the publisher pay any thing like a reasonable sum for the copyright.

In the fourth place, the law, instead of benefitting our booksellers in general, is in reality only as an act for the benefit of one or two large houses; who, from their long establishment being possessed of extensive means, and the power of largely circulating their books, monopolize the whole business of republication, and exclude minor booksellers from any chance of a successful competition. Mr. Midshipman Easy is a forcible instance of the evil of our present system of copyright.

Mr. Capen, of the publishing house of Marsh, Capen and Lyon, while on a recent visit to England, entered into an arrangement with Capt. Marryat for the reprinting of his works in this country simultaneously with their appearance in

England ; for which right a certain per-centage on the sale was agreed upon to be paid to Capt. Marryat. No sooner, however, does this house, acting on their bargain, and relying upon the usual courtesy observed between booksellers, print the latest work of the author of *Peter Simple*, than another publishing house, with vulture-like eagerness, pounces upon the first American copy that can be obtained, and also republishes. We do not wish to moot the point of the fairness and unfairness of such a procedure, but simply state the fact to set forth the wrong which the British author must suffer in being debarred any pecuniary advantage derivable from a large sale of his work. A new international copyright law should be established. We are told that Mr. Bulwer will soon bring the subject of it before parliament, and that an influential member of the House of Representatives will, during the coming session, strongly recommend a modification of the present unjust law to Congress.

We have left ourselves but little space for a critique on the amusing work which has called up the foregoing topic. The style is very loose and careless, but it is perhaps more *taking* on that very account. As a picture of sea-life we suppose that it must be faithful ; but, how in the name of marvel can a captain point all the guns of a man-of-war himself when the ship is under sail and in the heat of battle, so as to take effectual, deadly aim ? In other instances, besides this, our credulity is as boldly encountered : but the salt of our author's wit would enable us to swallow larger stories. The book has been out so long, that further criticism or quotation at this eleventh hour would be superfluous, so we "belay."

The Mother's Pearl, for 1836. Bancroft & Holley, New-York.

THIS little annual has not made much noise, and yet but a few years since its appearance would have attracted no slight attention. Mrs. Sedgwick, Mrs. Ellet, and others equally admired, have contributed to its pages ; and Mr. Herbert has introduced this volume with the following admirable lines from his classic and fervid pen.

THE MOTHER'S JEWELS.

" 'These are my gems,' the Roman mother cried,
Her bright lip wreathed in smiles of sunny pride,
'These are my gems,' as o'er each infant head
Superbly fond her high-born hands she spread ;
This, with dark eyes, and hyacinthine flow
Of raven tresses down a neck of snow—
That, golden-haired, with orbs whose azure hue
Had dimmed the Indian sapphire's deathless blue.
'These are my gems! bring ye the rarest stone,
That ever flashed from Eastern tyrants' throne!
Bring amber, such as those sad sisters gave,
Vain bribes to still the rash relentless wave!
Bring diamonds, such as that false matron wore,
Bought by their sheen to break the faith she swore,
Who lured to death foredoomed her prophet lord,
To death more certain than the Theban sword,—
Bring gauds, like those which caught Tarpeia's eye,
Fated beneath her treason's price to die!—
And I will match them—yea! their worth outvie
With that, nor art can frame, nor treasure buy,
Nor force subdue, nor dungeon walls control—
Each precious gem—a freeborn Roman soul !

Know ye not, how—when quaked the solid earth,
 And shook the seven hills, as at Titan's birth,—
 When the proud forum yawned—a gulf so wide
 Rome's navy in its space secure might ride—
 When pale-eyed prophets did the fate declare,
 That dread abyss should yawn for ever there,
 Till Rome's best jewel, darkly tombed within,
 The gods should soothe, and expiate the sin!—
 Know ye not how their robes of Syrian hue
 To the sad King the trembling matrons threw?
 What flower-crowned captives bled, the abyss to close?
 What Syrian perfumes from the brink arose?
 What sculptured vases of barbaric gold,
 What trophied treasures, through its void were rolled?
 What sunbright gems—onyx, and agate rare,
 And deathless adamant—were scattered there?
 But not in gold, nor gems, nor Tyrian die,
 Trophies, nor slaves, did Rome's best treasure lie!
 His limbs superb in war's triumphant guise,
 His soul's high valour flashing from his eyes,
 His courser chafing, impotently bold,
 Against the hand that well his fire controlled,
 Forth! forth he rode, in native worth sublime,
 Unstained by fetters, ignorant of crime!
 Forth! forth he rode, to play the martyr's part—
 Rome's richest jewel—a right Roman heart!
 'So may the gods avert my country's doom,
 I rush in triumph to my living tomb!
 Rome hath no jewel worthier earth's embrace,
 Than one free warrior of her fearless race!—
 Fearless I come and free!—Accept the gift,
 Dark Hades!—leaped the youth—and closed the rift
 And rolled the cloudless thunder—Jove's assent
 That Rome's best jewel to the abyss was sent!
 These are my gems! Each for his country's weal
 Devote to raging fire, or rending steel—
 So long to live—so soon to die—as she—
 She only!—shall determine and decree!—
 Blest that I am, to call such jewels mine—
 All else to fate contented I resign;
 Contented—if they mount the curule chair,
 Its best adornment—I shall view them there!
 Contented—if they fill a timeless grave—
 Their wounds—their wounds of honour— I shall lave!
 Secure in each event, Cornelia's race
 Shall live with glory—die without disgrace!
 Secure, that neither—even in hopeless strife—
 Shall turn upon his heel to save his life!
 Secure, that neither—heaven itself to buy—
 A foe shall flatter—or a friend deny!
 These are my gems!—Give ye your country such—
 So shall ye put your vauntings to the touch—
 Or, yielding me the palm, your boast disown—
 Your diamonds may not match what I have shown!"

If we mistake not, we also recognize the happy hand of "the Author of the
 Brothers" in the following

SONNET TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

"SLEEP's dewy veil hath sealed thy curtained eyes,
 And lapped thine earliest cares in peaceful rest,
 Fair babe, yet soon all radiant shalt thou rise,
 Smiling new rapture to thy mother's breast.

Oh may no darker clouds obscure the skies
 Of thy bright promise—mayest thou never know
 The cold world, stripped from its deceitful guise
 Of hollow seeming and love's empty show;
 Nor learn—with heart convulsed and passion-tost
 That parents may forget, and friends grow chill,
 That health—home—fortune—country may be lost—
 That mortal idols are but mortal still;
 But slumber thus when earth's last woes are o'er,
 Thus wake to light and life for ever more."

The Printer's Guide ; or, an Introduction to the Art of Printing ; including an Essay on Punctuation, and Remarks on Orthography. By C. S. Van Winkle. Third Edition. New-York, White & Hagar.

WE opened this book with the anticipation of finding merely a compendium, intended to facilitate the operative in the discharge of the duties of the workshop; but were agreeably disappointed in discovering it to be a work of considerable research, and as well calculated for the instruction of the professed author as for that of the practical printer.

The author of the Guide has brought a considerable degree of cleverness to the discharge of the duties which he has assigned himself; and although parts of the work necessarily partake something of the character of a compilation, yet in the choice and arrangement of the materials both taste and tact have been displayed.

It has long been matter of complaint that no good system of punctuation could be obtained. This is now obviated, as about thirty pages of this work have been devoted to the subject; and in that short compass the author has succeeded in producing a system, which, if not without fault, comes as near perfection as can well be attained.

The practical parts are good; and the directions given to apprentices should be in the hands of all who are commencing the study of the printing business.

We unite with those better skilled in typographical matters than ourselves in recommending the work to the patronage of all who are in any way connected with the press.

Scenes in Spain. In 1 volume. Geo. Dearborn.

SPAIN, so long a sealed book to the traveller, has become now the favourite land of the tourist. The admirable work of Lieut. Slidell, by which he first became known to the literary world, revived the ancient curiosity about the land of Dons and Moriscos, auto da fés, big cloaks, and garlic pottage; and the books of several clever Englishmen have since served to keep up the public interest: while the recent work of Mr. Slidell, "Spain Revisited," was received with such general approbation as to show that the theme was not yet exhausted. "Scenes in Spain" will, however, we imagine, be the last of the series for some time to come. The dropping threads of previous narratives are here all taken up (by anticipation perhaps, for this work was written before most of the others;) and the web woven of a mingled yarn is now complete. The present work wants the vigour of style of the first which preceded it, but it closely resembles it in spirit, and makes up in delicacy and beauty of language what it lacks in force of description. It is evidently the production of a scholar, and one imbued with taste and feeling; free from every thing like pedantry, and recommending itself by truth and natural-

ness in all its details. We welcome the writer as one whose finishing hand is well applied in giving the last touches to the picture of a country perhaps the most interesting in the world. A country where the lights of our day, still conflicting with gloom of past ages, shades all around them with picturesque effects.

We extract the following sketch as happily characteristic of the author's style, and the subjects he describes.

THE SPANISH ROBIN HOOD.

"Jose Maria is a native of the sunny land of Andalusia. He was born, as the story goes, of a respectable family, and was intended by his parents for the pious walks of ecclesiastical life. For this purpose his boyhood was probably devoted to conning over the Latin nouns and verbs, and committing to memory scraps from the breviary under the direction of the village curate and the Maestro de Niños. As the stripling advanced in years, he went to learn theology on a broader scale at the University of Granada, where he soon gave evidence that he was not sent into the world to chant aves and pater-nosters. A young Granadina, it seems, here caught the eye of the beardless theologian. I am sorry I cannot describe who or what this syren was that beguiled poor Jose Maria from the sobriety of his calling; but, reader, if you have ever wandered in the long-lost kingdom of the Moors, to say she was a Granadina is as much as to tell you that she was a bewitching brunette with jet black eyes, a pert little foot, and a luxurious grace in her carriage that might turn the head of a mathematician. Poor Jose Maria was caught one night by her father at the feet of this fair one; a scene ensued; knives were out and wounds were given; the young theologian took to his heels, and dreading the wrath of the civil authority and the penances of the church, fled from Granada.

"The runaway student soon found himself in a calling more congenial to his daring disposition; traversing the bye-paths of Andalusia as a contrabandista, with a carabine at his saddle-bow, and a string of mules laden with bales of smuggled merchandize. Ill luck, however, pursued him in this new vocation; for one day he was set upon by some aduaneros, or custom-house officers, whom he had probably forgotten to fee. Jose Maria did not abandon the field until some of the assailants had paid dearly for the prize; but as he saved nothing from the rencontre but his life and his escopeta, he became a desperate man, and, by a very natural transition, passed from a smuggler to a bandit. Associates were easily found; for how could he be at a loss for them among a people ground to the earth by poverty, and where, moreover, so many men are driven to desperation by political persecution? He soon gathered around him a band of followers, who looked up to him as their chief, from his superior boldness, activity, and cunning. He has now, for many years, preyed on the public, and set the government at defiance. The latter, to be sure, is no troublesome matter, in a country where the police, like the rest of the machine of state, is ill organized; and where, moreover, you may buy the honesty of its officers as you would buy an ox or an ass.

"Jose Maria, though a bandit, is not a ferocious man. He takes purses it is true, and may occasionally inflict a beating on the refractory; but he seldom adds murder to robbery. There is even a dash of chivalry in some of his adventures. Thus, for example, he was scouring the country one day on horseback, with his band at his heels, when they brought the diligence to a stand. 'Madam,' said the chief to a lady in the berlina, a noble dame from Seville, 'we must trouble you for your purse and the keys of your portmanteau.' 'Here are the keys,' said she, trembling with fright; 'but the contents of my trunk and purse have all been carried off by Jose Maria.' 'By Jose Maria!' said the bandit, 'why I am the man; who dares to rob in my name?' The lady insisted, as well she might; for a party of robbers, headed by one who had usurped the title of the great bandit of Andalusia, had, but a few hours before, plundered the diligence, and left the lady without a maravedi. Jose Maria inquired particularly the time and place of the disaster, the appearance of the counterfeit chief and his band, the route he had taken, and the lady's own address. He vowed vengeance on the aggressor, and assured her she should have back the goods and money, as sure as he was the true Jose Maria and the other a lying caiff. This promise he faithfully fulfilled.

"On another occasion, Pepe, or el Senor del Campo, the Lord of the Fields, as he was also mysteriously called among his followers, met a poor man riding on

a very fine horse, which he was taking to Ronda Fair. It seems that not long before, his favourite horse had stumbled with him, when he, deliberately drawing a pistol, shot him through the head. Being asked by his comrades the cause of this, he said that the horse's stumbling was of no consequence then; but if he had lived, he might have stumbled with him when the king's troopers were at his heels. Neither was it fit that the horse which had carried the Lord of the Fields should carry a common man. He saw now that the horse of the old man was what he wanted, and at once appropriated him. The poor fellow, however, touched his heart by his supplications; and he at length gave him even more than his value. He put six ounces of gold into his hand, and bade him go to a certain man in Ronda, who had a fine mule, the price of which was the sum he had given him. The man did as he was told, and thus became the possessor of a mule of greater value even than his favourite horse. The seller, too, was well satisfied to have got his price; in ounces of gold, too, so convenient for hiding. That night, as he was dreaming of his good fortune, the muzzle of Pepe's gun was placed to his ear, and he was called upon to deliver up the six ounces which he had that day received from an old man for the sale of his mule. Such was the mixture of villainy and wild generosity that marked the character of Jose Maria.

"In person, Jose Maria is described as a little man, sinewy and active, gay in his attire, a bold horseman, and a dead shot with the escopeta. 'Donde pone el ojo, pone la bala,' said our Cosario, Manuel; 'Where he fixes his eye, he sends his bullet.' It seems, from recent statements in the newspapers, that Jose Maria has recently added to the trade of bandit the worthier profession of patriot; and that he has assembled round him, in the mountains of Andalusia, a band of guerrilla warriors, with whom he has planted a tree of liberty. When, alas! will that tree be planted by purer hands! when will it take root and bear fruit in the soil of unhappy Spain! Hitherto its fate has ever been to be hewn down and cast into the fire.

"In addition to what is here stated of Jose Maria, we may now add, at the distance of several years, that Jose Maria, being hotly pursued, and in expectation of being taken, voluntarily surrendered himself, and claimed the promised pardon long before offered to him. He was afterwards employed by the government to pursue robbers in Andalusia, having under his command a band of his old comrades, pardoned like himself. Many of his former followers still, however, pursued their lawless life; and of course vowed vengeance against their traitorous chief, to whom they had ever been so faithful. He was not safe even in the streets of Seville without a guard; and the opinion, even among honest people, who have a singular sympathy in Spain for bold and consistent rogues, was by no means favourable to him.

"Being one day in pursuit of a party of bandits, he rode up to an isolated venta, to which he had traced them. On describing the individuals, he was told that they were not there. He and his comrades now drew off from the house, and coming to a tree, alighted to eat and refresh themselves under its shade. The robbers, however, were really there; and one of them stealing out, crept, without being discovered, quite near to the unsuspecting group; took deliberate aim at Jose Maria as he was drinking from a skin bottle, and shot him through the heart. Thus fell Jose Maria. He had lived a hero in the eyes of the Andalusians, and he died a traitor."

Mellichampe; by the author of the Partizan. 2 vols. Harpers.

THIS novel reached us too late for a notice in our last number, and it has in the meantime been so generally stamped with approval, that the present duties of the critic, which are chiefly to praise, are almost all anticipated. There is certainly no popular writer in the country who aims with more vigorous success at improvement than Mr. Simms. The blemishes which were pointed out in our pages as marring his last previous production are wholly wanting in the one before us. The failure, if any there be, is in an entirely different department from that which was mismanaged in the *Partizan*. In that work it was the tedious and spiritless vulgarity of the scenes in low life, to which exception was taken, —

in the present one it is only the sentimental prosing and protracted scenes, of what may in comparison be called, high life that we object to. These are the only parts of the work that are at all tedious or feeble. The lady-like and love business of the piece is that which is least best done. Unfortunately the author appears to be partial to both the character and action of these scenes; and accordingly we have a surplussage of matter which is of so indifferent a quality that we could dispense with as little of it as possible. For the rest, the scenes in Marion's camp and around the Santee plantations; the followers of the bold trooper and those who are marshalled against them; the faithful slave and the amphibious half-breed, with all the passages of incident and feeling of a masculine character, are sketched and wrought up with spirit and ability: and prove that the hand which can give such master-like touches, must ultimately become the hand of a master.

The Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb. In 1 volume. Dearborn.

WE thought this book had come from Galignani by its outward appearance, and could not conceive when the Parisians took to reading Elia. It is only, however, a new edition of Mr. Dearborn's, a little improved from the style of the last. The frequent republication of these delightful writings prove that they must be very popular in this country; and their dissemination will doubtless before long raise a crop of imitators. The genuine English of Elia is indeed worthy of all imitation, but his vein is so delicate, that one can hardly attempt to copy it in its purity without sinking into insipidity, or emulate its humour without running into quaintness; at least we know of no essayist among us yet who could emulate the exquisite sentiment of the paper entitled "Dream-Children," or rival the mellow humour of the following lucubration:—

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY.

"[About the year 18—, one R—d, a respectable London merchant, (since dead,) stood in the pillory for some alleged fraud upon the revenue. Among the papers were found the following 'Reflections,' which we have obtained by favour of our friend Elia, who knew him well, and had heard him describe the train of his feelings upon that trying occasion almost in the words of the MS. Elia speaks of him as a man, (with the exception of the peccadillo aforesaid,) of singular integrity in all his private dealings, possessing great suavity of manner with a certain turn for humour. As our object is to present human nature under every possible circumstance, we do not think that we shall sully our pages by inserting it.—EDITOR.]

"*Scene, opposite the Royal Exchange.—Time, twelve to one, Noon.*

"KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward—do you mind?—and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half points, I beseech you; N. N. by W. or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

"Bless us, what a company is assembled in honour of me! How grand I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's Place sits desolate. What is there in my face that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it? [*Here an egg narrowly misses him.*] That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should not be either myrrh or frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no-ways

mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow these coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such Olla Podridas; they have need of them. [*A brick is let fly.*] Discase not, I pray you, nor dismantle your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. [*A coal flies.*] Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles at three ha'-pence a pound shall stand at a cold simmer. Now, south about, Ketch. I would enjoy australian popularity.

"What, my friends from over the water! Old benchers,—flies of a day—ephemeral Romans—welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? can it dispeople purgatory—ha?"

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces like the Persians at the sunrise, bent singly on mine alone? It was wont to be esteemed an ordinary visnomy, a quotidian merely. Doubtless, these assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, gentility, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation—some intimations, as it were, of wisdom, valour, piety, and so forth. My sight dazzles; and, if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth that envelopes it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painter now to take me in the lucky point of expression!—the posture so convenient—the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artizans require a southerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St. James's air in these my new friends. How my prospects shift and brighten! Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be any where in that group, his fortune is made for ever. I think I see some one taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile, which yet shall not so predominate, but that gravity and gaiety shall contend as it were—you understand me? I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture—a gentle enthusiasm—which the artist may transfer in a manner warm to the canvass. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House, not made of every wood! Lodging, that pays no rent; airy and commodious; which, owing no window tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and overlooking, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it! Pulpit, that instructs without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruit! Throne, unshared and single, that disdainest a Brentford competitor! Honour, without co-rival! Or hearest thou rather, magnificent theatre in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen? From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned as if a winged messenger hovered over them; and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel, the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, my flock, your true overseer! What though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can utter benedictions. *True otium cum dignitate!* Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime! O Pillory, 'tis thee I sing! Thou younger brother to the gallows, without his rough and Esau palms; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks, which claims presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know, that thou art far higher born! Let that domicile for groundling rogues and base earth-kissing varlets envy thy preferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting-house, the temporary retreat, of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwick and of Prynne hover over thee—Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shebbeare—from their (little more elevated) stations they look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

"I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud Exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly! Gresham's wonder, hail! I stand upon a level with all your kings. They and I, from equal heights, with equal superciliousness, o'erlook the plodding, money-hunting tribe below; who, busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals!* He

* A statue of Charles II. by the elder Cibber, adorns the front of the Exchange. He stands also on high, in the train of his crowned ancestors, in his proper order, *within* that building. But the merchants of London, in a superfetation of loyalty, have, within a few years, caused to be erected another effigy of him on the ground in the centre of the interior. We do not hear that a fourth is in contemplation.

closed the Exchequer; I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

"Are those the quarters? 'tis their fatal chime. That the ever-winged hours would but stand still! but I must descend, descend from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay, a little while, importunate hour hand. A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out."

The Pilgrim's Progress; with a Life of John Bunyan, by Robert Southey; illustrated with fifty wood-cuts by Adams, after designs by Chapman, Harvey, and others. 1 vol. Harpers.

START not, gentle reader; we are not going to detain you with a review of John Bunyan's immortal work at this day; our business is only with the American part of it — the illustrations — which show a degree of excellence in what may almost be called a new department of the arts, that will challenge comparison with some of the best things from abroad. The ease and spirit which mark the frontispiece of this book have been before attained in the species of engraving to which it belongs, but never to our knowledge accompanied by the same mellowed and exquisite finish in wood-cutting. The other illustrations have all merit of different degrees, and many of them are characterized by a boldness and vigour of execution equally commendable in both designer and engraver. The work is beautifully printed, with gilt edges; and is so complete in all respects, that "Harper's Pilgrim's Progress" must at once deservedly take the place of all popular editions of that most popular work.

Memoirs of Aaron Burr. By M. L. Davis, in 2 vols. Vol. I. Harpers.

We received this eagerly expected work too late to give it due examination in our present number, and shall therefore only glance at its contents now, deferring whatever comment we have to make upon them till February. Our impression, however, judging from what we have read, is, that a great moral lesson is conveyed in the life of the celebrated individual, whose character and actions are commemorated by Mr. Davis. The difference between *the wisdom of the heart* and that of the head, we imagine, was never better illustrated than in the career of Colonel Burr. A few anecdotes at the commencement of this work illustrate this, and after quoting them we shall take leave of it for the present. Burr was not only precociously shrewd and sagacious, but his early acuteness was backed by all the firmness and decision of character which are generally found only in maturer life. Of these latter qualities a striking instance is given, when at the age of *four years*, upon some misunderstanding with his preceptor, he ran away and secreted himself for several days; and only six years later they exhibited themselves in the manner here related.

"When about ten years old, Aaron evinced a desire to make a voyage to sea; and, with this object in view, ran away from his uncle Edwards, and came to the city of New-York. He entered on board an outward-bound vessel as cabin-boy. He was, however, pursued by his guardian, and his place of retreat discovered.

Young Burr, one day, while busily employed, perceived his uncle coming down the wharf, and immediately ran up the shrouds, and clambered to the topgallant-mast head. Here he remained, and peremptorily refused to come down, or be taken down, until all the preliminaries of a treaty of peace were agreed upon. To the doctrine of unconditional submission he never gave his assent."

His cool assurance is more humourously exhibited in the following college anecdote.

"In the college there was a literary club, consisting of the graduates and professors, and still known as *The Clio-Sophic Society*. Dr. Samuel S. Smith, subsequently president of the college, was then (1773) a professor. With him young Burr was no favourite, and their dislike was mutual. The attendance of the professors was expected to be regular. The members of the society in rotation presided over its deliberations. On a particular occasion it was the duty of young Burr to take the chair. At the hour of meeting he took his seat as president. Dr. Smith had not then arrived; but, shortly after the business commenced, he entered. Burr, leaning on one arm of the chair (for, although now sixteen years of age, he was too small to reach both arms at the same time,) began lecturing Professor Smith for his non-attendance at an earlier hour, remarking that a different example to younger members was expected from him, and expressing a hope that it might not again be necessary to recur to the subject. Having finished his lecture, to the great amusement of the society, he requested the professor to resume his seat. The incident, as may well be imagined, long served as a college joke."

His two ruling characteristics, love of power, and what polite people call *galantry*, exhibited themselves nearly simultaneously in early youth, as they probably bore companionship to each other till the close of his existence. The first took the path of military ambition for its display, and called out energies worthy of all admiration; but the latter seems in its very incipience to have been the most base and contemptible of all emotions, a groveling emanation of vanity that had not even the impulses of an ardent temperament, much less the sallies of a gay and chivalrous spirit, to excuse it. It was a love, not of the sex but of the reputation of "being well with them;" a characteristic compared with which the profligacy of Charles the Second becomes praiseworthy, and the sensualism of even the Eighth Harry respectable. His biographer, in the remarks which conclude the following extract, has stamped the meanness with indignation where he should only have branded it with contempt.

The Romance of Miss Moncrieffe.—Burr, aged 20.

"From the year 1780 until the year 1795, Mrs. Margaret Coghlan made no inconsiderable noise in the court and fashionable circles of Great Britain and France. She was the theme of conversation among the lords, and the dukes, and the M. P.'s. Having become the victim, in early life, of licentious, dissolute, and extravagant conduct, alternately she was revelling in wealth, and then sunken in poverty. At length, in 1793, she published her own memoirs. Mrs. Coghlan was the daughter of Major Moncrieffe, of the British army. He was Lord Cornwallis's brigade major. Her father had three wives. She was a daughter of the first wife. His second wife was Miss L*****, of New-York, and his third wife Miss J**, of New-York. Mrs. Coghlan is introduced here, because her early history is intimately connected with the subject of these memoirs.

"In July, 1776, she resided in Elizabethtown, New-Jersey. Her father was with Lord Percy on Staten Island. In her memoirs, speaking of herself, she says:—'Thus destitute of friends, I wrote to General Putnam, who instantly answered my letter by a very kind invitation to his house, assuring me that he respected my father, and was only his enemy in the field of battle; but that, in private life, he himself, or any part of his family, might always command his services. On the next day he sent Colonel Webb, one of his aid-de-camps, to conduct me to New-York. When I arrived in the Broadway (a street so called) where General Putnam resided, I was received with great tenderness, both by

Mrs. Putnam and her daughters; and on the following day I was introduced by them to General and Mrs. Washington, who likewise made it their study to show me every mark of regard; but I seldom was allowed to be alone, although sometimes, indeed, I found an opportunity to escape to the gallery on the top of the house, where my chief delight was to view, with a telescope, our fleet and army at Staten Island. My amusements were few; the good Mrs. Putnam employed me and her daughters constantly to spin flax for shirts for the American soldiers; indolence, in America, being totally discouraged; and I likewise worked some for General Putnam, who, though not an accomplished *muscadin*, like our dilettantis of St. James's-street, was certainly one of the best characters in the world; his heart being composed of those noble materials which equally command respect and admiration. * * * * *

"Not long after this circumstance, a flag of truce arrived from Staten Island, with letters from Major Moncrieffe, demanding me; for he now considered me a prisoner. General Washington would not acquiesce in this demand, saying that I should remain a hostage for my father's good behaviour. I must here observe, that when General Washington refused to deliver me up, the noble-minded Putnam, as if it were by instinct, laid his hand on his sword, and with a violent oath swore that my father's request should be granted. The commander-in-chief, whose influence governed Congress, soon prevailed on them to consider me as a person whose situation required their strict attention; and that I might not escape, they ordered me to Kingsbridge, where, in justice I must say, that I was treated with the utmost tenderness. General Mifflin there commanded. His lady was a most accomplished, beautiful woman; a Quaker, &c.

"Mrs. Coghlan then bursts forth in expressions of rapture for a young American officer, with whom she had become enamoured. She does not name him; but that officer was Major Burr. 'May these pages' (she says) 'one day meet the eye of him who subdued my virgin heart. * * * * * To him I plighted my virgin vow. * * * * * With this conqueror of my soul, how happy should I now have been! What storms and tempests should I have avoided' (at least I am pleased to think so) 'if I had been allowed to follow the bent of my inclinations. Ten thousand times happier should I have been with him in the wildest desert of our native country, the woods affording us our only shelter, and their fruits our only repast, than under the canopy of costly state, with all the refinements of courts, with the royal warrior' (the Duke of York) 'who would fain have proved himself the conqueror of France. *My conqueror* was engaged in another cause; he was ambitious to obtain other laurels. He fought to liberate, not to enslave nations. He was a colonel in the American army, and high in the estimation of his country. *His* victories were never accompanied with one gloomy, relenting thought. They shone as bright as the cause which achieved them.'

"The letter from General Putnam, of which Mrs. Coghlan speaks, is found among the papers of Colonel Burr.

"This letter is in the hand-writing of Major Burr, and undoubtedly was prepared by him for the signature of the General. Miss Moncrieffe was, at this time, in her fourteenth year. She had travelled, and, for one of her age, had mingled much in the world. She was accomplished, and was considered handsome. Major Burr was attracted by her sprightliness and vivacity, and she, according to her own confessions penned nearly twenty years afterward, had not only become violently in love with, but had acknowledged the fact to him. Whether the foundation of her future misfortunes was now laid, it is not necessary to inquire. Her indiscretion was evident, while Major Burr's propensity for intrigue was already well known.

"Burr perceived immediately that she was an extraordinary young woman. Eccentric and volatile, but endowed with talents, natural as well as acquired, of a peculiar character. Residing in the family of General Putnam with her, and enjoying the opportunity of a close and intimate intercourse, at all times and on all occasions, he was enabled to judge of her qualifications, and came to the conclusion, notwithstanding her youth, that she was well calculated for a spy, and thought it not improbable that she might be employed in that capacity by the British. Major Burr suggested his suspicions to General Putnam, and recommended that she be conveyed to her friends as soon as might be convenient. She was, in consequence, soon after removed to Kingsbridge, where General Mifflin commanded. This change of situation, in the work which she has published, is ascribed to General Washington, but it originated with Major Burr.

"After a short residence at Kingsbridge, leave was granted for her departure to Staten Island. She accordingly set off in a continental barge, under the escort

of an American officer, who was ordered to accompany her to the British headquarters. As the boat approached the English fleet, she was met by another, having on board a British officer, and was notified that she could proceed no further, but that the king's officer would take charge of the young lady, and convey her in safety to her father, who was six or eight miles in the country with Lord Percy. She says, in her memoirs, 'I then entered the British barge, and bidding an eternal farewell to my dear American friends, *turned my back on liberty.*'

"Miss Moncrieffe, before she had reached her fourteenth year, was probably the victim of seduction. The language of her memoirs, when taken in connexion with her deportment soon after her marriage, leaves but little room for doubt. Major Burr, while yet at college, had acquired a reputation for gallantry. On this point he was excessively vain, and regardless of all those ties which ought to controul an honourable mind. In his intercourse with females he was an unprincipled flatterer, ever prepared to take advantage of their weakness, their credulity, or their confidence. She that confided in him was lost. In referring to this subject, no terms of condemnation would be too strong to apply to Colonel Burr.

"It is truly surprising how any individual could have become so eminent as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a professional man, who devoted so much time to the other sex as was devoted by Colonel Burr. For more than half a century of his life they seemed to absorb his whole thoughts. His intrigues were without number. His conduct most licentious. The sacred bonds of friendship were unhesitatingly violated when they operated as barriers to the indulgence of his passions. For a long period of time he seemed to be gathering, and carefully preserving, every line written to him by any female, whether with or without reputation; and, when obtained, they were cast into one common receptacle—the profligate and corrupt by the side of the thoughtless and betrayed victim. All were held as trophies of victory,—all esteemed alike valuable. How shocking to the man of sensibility! How mortifying and heart-sickening to the intellectual, the artless, the fallen fair!

"Among these manuscripts were many the production of highly cultivated minds. They were calculated to excite the sympathy of the brother—the parent—the husband. They were, indeed, testimonials of the weakness of the weaker sex, even where genius and learning would seem to be towering above the arts of the seducer. Why they were thus carefully preserved, is left to conjecture. Can it be true that Moore is correct, when, in his life of Lord Byron, he says, 'The allusions which he (Byron) makes to instances of *successful passion* in his career, were not without their influence on the fancies of that sex, whose weakness it is to be most easily won by those who come recommended by the greatest number of triumphs over others?' Some of these productions had been penned more than sixty years. They were all committed to the flames, however, immediately after the decease of Colonel Burr. Of them, it is believed, 'not a wreck remains.'

"The faithful biographer could not pass over in silence this strong and revolting trait in the character of Colonel Burr. It will not again be referred to. From details, the moralist and the good man must shrink with disgust and abhorrence. In this particular Burr appears to have been unfeeling and heartless. And yet, by a fascinating power almost peculiar to himself, he so managed as to retain the affection, in some instances the devotion, of his deluded victims. In every other respect he was kind and charitable. No man would go farther to alleviate the sufferings of another. No man was more benevolent. No man would make greater sacrifices to promote the interest or the happiness of a friend. How strange, how inconsistent, how conflicting are these allusions! They are nevertheless strictly true."

The reader is perhaps surprised to hear young Burr mentioned by the title of Major at so early an age in these extracts; and before closing even this passing notice, it may be but just to turn back a page or two and show how nobly his character for "gallantry," in its better accepted sense, contrasts with that which he was at so much pains to win in the more courtier-like use of the term. Mr. Burr was but nineteen when, fired with a thirst for military glory, he betook himself as a volunteer to Washington's camp at Cambridge. Here he was seized with a fever, of which many of the raw recruits of the patriot army were dying around him.

"One day he heard Ogden and some young men of the army conversing, in an apartment adjoining that in which he was lying, on the subject of an expedition. He called Ogden to his bed-side, and inquired what was the nature of the expedition of which they were speaking. Ogden informed him that Colonel Arnold, with a detachment of ten or twelve hundred men, was about to proceed through the wilderness for the purpose of attacking Quebec. Burr instantly raised himself up in the bed, and declared that he would accompany them; and so pertinacious was he on that point, that he immediately, although much enfeebled, commenced dressing himself. Ogden expostulated, and spoke of his debilitated state — referred to the hardships and privations that he must necessarily endure on such a march, &c. But all was unavailing. Young Burr was determined, and was immovable. He forthwith selected four or five hale, hearty fellows, to whom he proposed that they should form a mess, and unite their destiny on the expedition through the wilderness. To this arrangement they cheerfully acceded. His friend Ogden, and others of his acquaintance, were conveyed in carriages from Cambridge to Newburyport, distant about sixty miles; but Burr, with his new associates in arms, on the 14th of September, 1775, shouldered their muskets, took their knapsacks upon their backs, and marched to the place of their embarkation."

"A day or two after Burr's arrival at Newburyport, he was called upon by a messenger from his guardian, Timothy Edwards, with instructions to bring the young fugitive back. A letter from his uncle (T. Edwards,) was delivered to him at the same time. Having read the letter, and heard the messenger's communication, he coolly addressed him, and asked "How do you expect to take me back if I should refuse to go? If you were to make any forcible attempt upon me, I would have you hung up in ten minutes." After a short pause the messenger presented a second letter from his guardian, and with it a small remittance in gold. It was couched in the most affectionate and tender language, importuning him to return; and depicting, in the darkest colours, the sufferings he must endure if he survived the attempt to reach Quebec. It affected young Burr very sensibly, inasmuch that he shed tears. But his destiny was fixed. He wrote, however, a respectful letter, explanatory of his reasons for accompanying the army, and expressive of his gratitude for the kindness he had experienced."

The toils encountered by the party to which Burr was attached on this expedition have seldom been surpassed in the annals of military warfare. Arriving before Quebec, he volunteered, soon after joining the main body of the force under Montgomery, to lead the forlorn hope in the projected storm of that town. Forty men were allotted to him, and after preparing ladders, he kept these men in constant drill until they could ascend them (standing almost perpendicular) with their muskets and accoutrements, with nearly the same facility that they could mount an ordinary staircase. Burr, after reconnoitering the point of assault night after night, learnt with chagrin that the mode of attack was changed. Upon its failure with the death of Montgomery, Arnold resolved on demanding a surrender of Quebec; and that Burr, who, upon his taking the command, became brigade major, should be the bearer of a sealed message. Major Burr refused without reading the contents, and after reading the letter, considered it unbecoming an American officer, and declined delivering it. Another officer took charge of the despatch. It was received with the contumely which Burr had predicted; and upon his return from the ill-fated expedition, the talents and conduct of the young officer were not less warmly complimented by the country than his coolness and decision. Such was the auspicious commencement of a life which, yielding the fruits of action at a period when one might only have looked for the buds of promise, was protracted far beyond the ordinary mortal term with scarcely a blossom to adorn its prime, and not a leaf to grace its close.

We subjoin a few more anecdotes which speak for themselves, postponing our comments to a future article.

QUELLING A MUTINY.

"Within eight or ten miles of Valley Forge, there was a narrow and important pass, known as the Gulf. A strong body of militia were stationed to defend it. They were in the habit of exciting in the camp false alarms; and the main body, in consequence, was frequently put in motion. When not put in motion, they were greatly disturbed, especially at night. These alarms generally resulted from the want of rigid discipline. General M'Dougall was at Valley Forge, and exceedingly annoyed. Of Burr, as a disciplinarian and a soldier, he entertained a high opinion; and recommended to Washington that he withdraw from this detachment Burr's seniors, as officers, and give him the command of the post, which was accordingly done. Colonel Burr immediately commenced a rigid system of police, visiting every night, and at all hours of the night, the sentinels; changing their position, &c. During the day he kept the troops under a constant drill. The rigour of this service was not adapted to the habits of militia, who had been accustomed to pass, in camp, a life of idleness, and to act as suited their individual whims and caprices. A portion of the most worthless became restless, and were determined to rid themselves of such a commander.

"Colonel Burr was notified of the contemplated mutiny, in which he would probably fall a victim. He ordered the detachment to be formed that night (it being a cold, bright moonlight), and secretly directed that all their cartridges should be drawn, so that there should not be a loaded musket on the ground. He provided himself with a good and well-sharpened sabre. He knew all the principal mutineers. He marched along the line, eyeing the men closely. When he came opposite to one of the most daring of the ringleaders, the soldier advanced a step, and levelled his musket at Colonel Burr, calling out — 'Now is your time, my boys.' Burr, being well prepared and in readiness, anticipating an assault, with a celerity for which he was remarkable smote the arm of the mutineer above the elbow, and nearly severed it from his body, ordering him, at the same time, to take and keep his place in the line. In a few minutes the men were dismissed, and the arm of the mutineer was next day amputated. No more was heard of the mutiny; nor were there afterwards, during Colonel Burr's command, any false alarms. This soldier belonged to Wayne's brigade; and some of the officers talked of having Colonel Burr arrested, and tried by a court-martial, for the act; but the threat was never carried into execution."

JEU D'ESPRIT.

"After his return from Europe, in 1812, he met a maiden lady in Broadway, somewhat advanced in life. He had not seen her for many years. As she passed him, she exclaimed to a gentleman on whose arm she was resting, 'Colonel Burr!' Hearing his name mentioned, he suddenly stopped and looked her in the face. 'Colonel,' said she, 'you do not recollect me.'

"'I do not, madam,' was the reply.

"'It is Miss K., sir.'

"'What!' said he, 'Miss K. yet?'

"The lady, somewhat piqued, reiterated, 'Yes, sir, Miss K. yet?'

The following playful letter from Colonel Burr to his wife, exhibits him in a light which will be new to most of our readers.

"TO MRS. BURR.

'Albany, August 7th, 1788.

'Oh Theo.! there is the most delightful grove—so darkened with weeping willows, that at noonday a susceptible fancy like yours would mistake it for a bewitching moonlight evening. These sympathizing willows, too, exclude even the prying eye of curiosity. Here no rude noise interrupts the softest whisper. Here no harsher sound is heard than the wild cooings of the gentle dove, the gay thresher's animated warbles, and the soft murmurs of the passing brook. Really, Theo., it is charming.

'I should have told you that I am speaking of Fort Johnson, where I have spent a day. From this amiable bower you ascend a gentle declivity, by a winding path, to a cluster of lofty oaks and locusts. Here nature assumes a more august appearance. The gentle brook, which murmured soft below, here bursts a cataract. Here you behold the stately Mohawk roll his majestic wave along

the lofty Apalachians. Here the mind assumes a nobler tone, and is occupied by sublimer objects. What *there* was tenderness, *here* swells to rapture. It is truly *charming*.

'The windings of this enchanting brook form a lovely island, variegated by the most sportive hand of nature. This shall be yours. We will plant it with jessamines and woodbine, and call it Cyprus. It seems formed for the residence of the loves and the graces, and is therefore yours by the best of titles. It is indeed most *charming*.

'But I could fill sheets in description of the beauties of this romantic place. We will reserve it for the subject of many an amusing hour. And besides being little in the habit of the sublime or poetical, I grow already out of breath, and begin to falter, as you perceive. I cannot, however, omit the most interesting and important circumstance; one which I had rather communicate to you in this way than face to face. I know that you was opposed to this journey to Fort Johnson. It is therefore with the greater regret that I communicate the event; and you are not unacquainted with my inducements to it.

'In many things I am indeed unhappy in possessing a singularity of taste; particularly unhappy when that taste differs in any thing from yours. But we cannot controul necessity, though we often persuade ourselves that certain things are our choice, when in truth we have been unavoidably impelled to them. In the instance I am going to relate, I shall not examine whether I have been governed by mere fancy, or by motives of expediency, or by caprice; you will probably say the latter.

'My dear Theo., arm yourself with all your fortitude. I know you have much of it, and I hope that upon this occasion you will not fail to exercise it. I abhor preface and preamble, and don't know why I have now used it so freely. But I am well aware that what I am going to relate needs much apology *from* me, and will need much *to* you. If I am the unwilling, the unfortunate instrument of depriving you of any part of your promised gayety or pleasure, I hope you are too generous to aggravate the misfortune by upbraiding me with it. Be assured (I hope the assurance is needless) that whatever diminishes your happiness equally impairs mine. In short, then, for I grow tedious both to you and myself, and to procrastinate the relation of disagreeable events only gives them poignancy; in short, then, my dear Theo., the beauty of this same Fort Johnson, the fertility of the soil, the commodiousness and elegance of the buildings, the great value of the mills, and the very inconsiderable price which was asked for the whole, have *not* induced me to purchase it, and probably never will: in the confidence, however, of meeting your forgiveness,

'Affectionately yours,

'A. BURR.'

The New-York Book. 1 volume, 8vo. George Dearborn.

HERE is a work, whose name at least will appeal to the bosom of every son of St. Nicholas throughout the state from which it takes its name; of St. Nicholas, we say, for as he was the earliest patron of the quondam Dutch Commonwealth, we presume his name is still cherished in the hearts of its people. The New-York Book is a collection of fugitive poetry, selected from the annuals and periodicals, and other sources, intermingled with extracts from the poems of Drake, Sands, Paulding, Leggett, Nack, and others, whose poetical writings have been heretofore published in other forms; all the writers being native New-Yorkers. It is a remarkable thing, that in the compilations heretofore made in various parts of the country, Drake is almost the only native of New-York whose name appears, and of his verses, "The American Flag" is the only one selected; and it will doubtless surprise many to see an array of upwards of forty names in the volume before us. Even these, we are persuaded, form by no means a fair representation of the poetical resources of the state: but we trust that the appearance of this volume will arouse those who have collections of occasional verses, to fur-

nish the publisher with the means of soon following it up with another. Such anthological collections are always interesting in themselves, and frequently exhibit a vigour and variety which are wanting in the works of any one higher poet. In our nascent literature, too, it is the only way of finding out what has been done in its most elegant department, and we hope that "The Boston Book," "The Philadelphia Book," and "The New-York Book," will be followed up by one from every state in the Union.

The adage, "those whom the gods love die young," is strikingly exemplified in this collection; as a great number, and those the most excellent of the pieces that appear, were written by those who had ceased to live before their prime. Drake, who must rank the first in the list, did not see five-and-twenty. Miss Davidson, and Miss Clinch were hardly 17. Sands, indeed, died at the age of 33; but as the best years of his short life were consumed in improving his natural resources, what might not have been expected from faculties so varied as his in their maturity? Young Lawrence, so versed in mental accomplishments and rich in professional promise, with an ambition to prompt the highest aim, and an energy to surmount every obstacle in reaching it, closed his eyes upon the bright scenes he has painted so exquisitely before he had attained the age of five-and-twenty. Vining, who, if we mistake not, was compelled to leave the army from failing health, became the victim of consumption before he reached his prime. Hamilton Borgia, of Albany, another name now for the first time affixed to the only fragment of his numerous verses that it was in the power of a friend to contribute, betrayed the most varied promise and buried the proud hopes of those who knew him in the tomb before he was two-and-twenty. Barker died at sea while seeking health in a distant land; and poetry was with him so much a pursuit, that we hope his writings will yet be collected by some member of his family. Sutermeister, whose "Faded Hopes" are so mournfully characteristic of his fate, died a few months after the prophetic lines were written; and we doubt not that if the collection were more full, as we trust it will yet be made, (either by an additional volume or by an enlarged edition,) that the proportion would be greater than it is at present. "Death loves a shining mark," and the susceptibilities which enter so largely into the poetical temperament seem strongly allied to disease. With the majority of those we have mentioned we were intimately acquainted, and the enumeration of their names brings indeed a bright array of spirits before us, while many a scene of festive wit and wilding youth—those "noctes cœnæque" which the eloquent Roman touches upon so beautifully—spring fresh to memory.

To many of its readers the most interesting parts of the volume will be those where specimens of the writers of the past century are given. The old-fashioned verses of Mrs. Bleeker, which dwell with such unaffected piety upon the domestic horrors which followed in the train of frontier warfare, and to which many of the best educated females of her day were subjected, are, from the attending circumstances, extremely interesting; and the masculine verses extracted from the vigorous satire of *Gulian Verplanck*, whose mantle has fallen upon one better known of that name, are superior to any thing in the same vein that has since been produced in the country. Though written more than sixty years ago, they are as applicable to our day as to the times when they appeared; and as we imagine that they are very little known, we prefer quoting them to any thing that the collection offers.

PORTRAITURE.

From "Vice, a Satire," 1774.

"Go, learn thou this: From regulated Sense
Is all our bliss — from sober Temperance.

How much, Oh Temperance ! to thee we owe,
 What joys sincere from thy pure fountains flow ;
 Life's most protracted date derives from thee
 A calm old age and death from anguish free.
 Doth Death affright thee with his dread parade,
 The hearse slow moving, and the cavalcade ?
 Go, early learn its terrors to despise,
 Read virtue's lesson, and in time be wise.
 Enough of crimes on these Heav'n's vengeance wait,
 Let Satire aim at faults of humbler state.

Who'er observes, will find in human race
 More difference of character than face ;
 Some nice, odd turns, in all th' observer strike,
 Each his peculiar has, nor find we two alike.
 Blest with each act that soothes the ills of life,
 A quiet mind, not made for noise and strife ;
 In whose fixed calm no jarring powers contend,
 Design'd to act as husband, father, friend ;
 Had Philo been content with what was given,
 And, truly wise, enjoy'd on earth his heav'n :
 Philo had lived—but lived unknown to fame ;
 Had died content,—but died without a name.
 " No," Philo cried, " be glorious praise my care,
 Nor let this name be mix'd with common air ;"
 For this he wastes the weary hours of night,
 Leaves peace to fools, and banishes delight ;
 Nature in vain throws in her honest bars,
 The wretch runs counter to himself and stars ;
 In vain—for lost no character he seems,
 And Philo does not live, but only dreams.

Others there are, who to the shade retire,
 Who'd shine if nature would the clods inspire,
 And, as she gave them parts, would give them fire ;
 But languid bodies, scarce informed with soul,
 In one dull round their vacant moments roll ;
 Heavy, and motionless as summer seas,
 They yawn out life in most laborious ease ;
 Passions, half formed, in their cold bosoms lie,
 And all the man is sluggish anarchy.
 Yet wits, and wise, when some small shocks awake,
 As when the surface of some stagnant lake,
 Urged by the action of the busy air,
 Breaks its thick scum, and shows the bottom clear.
 Who knows not Florio ? sweet, enraptured elf !
 Florio is known to all men but himself.
 Him folly owned the instant of his birth,
 And tuned his soul to nonsense and to mirth ;
 Nor boasts a son, in all her dancing crowd,
 So pert, so prim, so petulant, and proud.
 Mixture absurd and strange ! we find in him
 Dulness with wit, sobriety with whim ;
 A soul that sickens at each rising art
 With the mean malice of a coward's heart.
 So milky soft, so pretty, and so neat,
 With air so gentle, and with voice so sweet ;
 What dog-star's rage, what maggot of the brain,
 Could make a fop so impudently vain,
 To throw all modesty aside, and sit
 The mighty censor of the works of wit ?
 Say, wretch ! what pride could prompt thee to bestow
 Abuse on power, the greatest power below ;
 The Muse's power ? That power thyself shall know !
 Her pen shall add thee to the long, long roll
 That holds the name of every brother fool.
 Of various passions that divide the breast,
 Pride reigns supreme, and governs all the rest ;

Its form is varied, but to all supplied,
 In equal shares, however modified.
 Blest source of action whose perpetual strife
 With sluggish nature, warms us into life;
 Thou great first mover, 'tis alone from thee
 That life derives its sweet diversity.
 Yet hapless he, whose ill-directed pride
 With soft seduction draws his steps aside
 From life's low vale, where humbler joys invite;
 With bold, rash tread, to gain distinction's height.
 Him peace forsakes, and endless toils oppose,
 A friend's defection, and the spleen of foes.
 Black calumny invents her thousand lies,
 And sickly envy blasts him if he rise—
 He, wretch accursed, tied down to servile rules,
 Must think and act no more like other fools:
 For him no more that social ease remains
 Which sweetens life, and softens all its pains;
 Each jealous eye betrays a critic's pen,
 To search for faults it spares in other men.
 How shall he wish in vain, once more his own,
 That hour when free, and to the world unknown,
 Its praise he had not, nor could fear its frown."

This is nervous writing, and though the style be gone out of fashion, the world would not lose by its cultivation now.

The following melody, by William Leggett, has the sweetness and the flow—the happy imagery, and more than the purity, of most of Moore's ballads:

"If yon bright stars, which gem the night,
 Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
 Where kindred spirits re-unite
 Whom death has torn asunder here;
 How sweet it were at once to die,
 And leave this blighted orb afar,
 Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,
 And soar away from star to star.

But oh, how dark, how drear and lone,
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
 If wandering through each radiant one
 We failed to find the loved of this;
 If there no more the ties shall twine
 That death's cold hand alone could sever;
 Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,
 More hateful as they shine for ever.

It cannot be each hope, each fear,
 That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
 Proclaims there is a happier sphere
 Than this bleak world that holds us now.
 There is a voice which sorrow hears,
 When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
 'Tis Heaven that whispers—Dry thy tears,
 The pure in heart shall meet again."

There are other pieces by the same writer in this volume, which are of a drier character, and have the pithy turn which strikes one in old Ayton's pieces, and others of that half-epigrammatic school.

The lines which follow have been much admired, and have appeared in a variety of publications, but never, we believe, before under the name of the real author—CLEMENT C. MOORE.

"A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
 And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter:
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
 The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
 Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick,
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
 "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
 On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blixen—
 To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
 Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"—
 As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
 So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
 With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
 And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
 As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
 He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack.
 His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
 He had a broad face, and a little round belly
 That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf;
 And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And fill'd all the stockings; then turned with a jirk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

The verses of James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet, are by no means the least pleasing ones in this collection; and we marvel that compositions so interesting have not excited more admiration than has yet been accorded them. The following song by this writer makes no pretension to the elaborate beauties that grave

criticism delights to descant upon; but there is a freedom and joyousness about it, a musical simplicity, that is most happily emblematic of the subject it illustrates,

" SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming, spring is coming,
Birds are chirping, insects humming;
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,
Streams escaped from winter's keeping,
In delighted freedom rushing,
Dance along in music gushing,
Scenes of late in deadness saddened,
Smile in animation gladdened,
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth,
Shout we then with Nature's voice,
Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!

Spring is coming, come, my brother,
Let us rove with one another,
To our well-remembered wild wood,
Flourishing in nature's childhood;
When a thousand flowers are springing,
And a thousand birds are singing;
Where the golden sunbeams quiver,
On the verdure-girdled river;
Let our youth of feeling out,
To the youth of nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice,
Welcome Spring! rejoice! rejoice!"

In elegiac pieces, Willis Gaylord Clark is remarkably happy. The cadence and rhythm of the following plaintive verses could hardly be improved,

" THE FADED ONE.

GONE to the slumber which may know no waking
Till the loud requiem of the world shall swell;
Gone! where no sound thy still repose is breaking,
In a lone mansion through long years to dwell;
Where the sweet gales that herald bud and blossom
Pour not their music nor their fragrant breath:
A seal is set upon thy budding bosom,
A bond of loneliness—a spell of death!

Yet 'twas but yesterday that all before thee
Shone in the freshness of life's morning hours;
Joy's radiant smile was playing briefly o'er thee,
And thy light feet impressed but vernal flowers.
The restless spirit charmed thy sweet existence,
Making all beauteous in youth's pleasant maze,
While gladsome hope illumed the onward distance,
And lit with sunbeams thy expectant days.

How have the garlands of thy childhood withered,
And hope's false anthem died upon the air!
Death's cloudy tempests o'er thy way have gathered,
And his stern bolts have burst in fury there.
On thy pale forehead sleeps the shade of even,
Youth's braided wreath lies stained in sprinkled dust,
Yet looking upward in its grief to Heaven,
Love should not mourn thee, save in hope and trust."

John Inman's verses are characterized by feeling and delicacy, of which the following stanzas are an unpretending instance.

" ALAS ! alas, that poverty's cold hand
Should come to wither young affection's flowers—
Marring the fairy pictures hope has planned
Of love and joy in future happy hours—
Alas, that all the blessings fancy showers
O'er the young heart, should turn to grief and tears,
Poisoning the cup of life through all our after-years !

A moment's pleasure and an age of pain—
One hour of sunshine, and the rest all gloom—
And this, oh Love, is what from thee we gain—
Of all who bow before thee, this the doom—
And in thy footsteps, like the dread Zamoom,
Pale sorrow comes, a longer-dwelling guest,
To curse the wasted heart that once by thee was blest."

Our readers are already familiar with A. B. Street's beautiful and characteristically American verses, of which there is a fine specimen in our present number. Though hailing now from Sullivan County, we believe that Dutchess has the best claim to him, as well as to Brooks and others, whose writings enrich the compilation. The following spirited lyric is quoted, from the popular works of the latter, in the New-York Book,

" THE BRAVE.

WHERE have the valiant sunk to rest,
When their sands of life were numbered ?
On the downy couch ? on the gentle breast
Where their youthful visions slumbered ?

When the mighty passed the gate of death,
Did love stand by bewailing ?
No ! but upon war's fiery breath
Their blood-dyed flag was sailing !

Not on the silent feverish bed,
With weeping friends around them,
Were the parting prayers of the valiant said,
When death's dark angel found them.

But in the stern and stormy strife,
In the flush of lofty feeling,
They yielded to honour the boon of life,
Where battle's bolts were pealing ;

When the hot war-steed, with crimsoned mane
Trampled on breasts all stained and gory,
Dashed his red hoof on the reeking plain,
And shared in the rider's glory.

Or seek the brave in their ocean grave,
'Neath the dark and restless water ;
Seek them beneath the whelming wave,
So oft deep dyed with slaughter.

There sleep the gallant and the proud,
The eagle-eyed and the lion-hearted ;
For whom the trump of fame rang loud,
When the body and soul were parted.

Or seek them on fields where the grass grows deep,
 Where the vulture and the raven hover;
 There the sons of battle in quiet sleep:
 And widowed love goes there to weep,
 That their bright career is over."

We conclude our quotations with a poem which has been much admired, and which, we think, is rivalled by nothing of the kind in our native literature, unless it be a fine lyric bearing the same title, written by Mr. H. W. Herbert when editor of this magazine, or by Halleck's popular lines to Red Jacket.

"ADDRESS TO BLACK HAWK.—BY EDWARD SANFORD.

THERE'S beauty on thy brow, old chief! the high
 And manly beauty of the Roman mould,
 And the keen flashing of thy full dark eye
 Speaks of a heart that years have not made cold;
 Of passions scathed not by the blight of time,
 Ambition, that survives the battle route.
 The man within thee scorns to play the mime
 To gaping crowds that compass thee about.
 Thou walkest, with thy warriors by thy side,
 Wrapped in fierce hate, and high unconquered pride.
 Chief of a hundred warriors! dost thou yet—
 Vanquished and captive—dost thou deem that here—
 The glowing day-star of thy glory set—
 Dull night has closed upon thy bright career?
 Old forest lion, caught and caged at last,
 Dost pant to roam again thy native wild?
 To gloat upon the life-blood flowing fast
 Of thy crushed victims; and to slay the child,
 To dabble in the gore of wives and mothers,
 And kill, old Turk! thy harmless pale-faced brothers?
 For it was cruel, Black Hawk, thus to flutter
 The dove-cotes of the peaceful pioneers,
 To let thy tribe commit such fierce, and utter
 Slaughter among the folks of the frontiers.
 Though thine be old, hereditary hate,
 Begot in wrongs, and nursed in blood, until
 It had become a madness, 'tis too late
 To crush the hordes who have the power, and will,
 To rob thee of thy hunting grounds, and fountains,
 And drive thee backward to the Rocky Mountains.
 Spite of thy looks of cold indifference,
 There's much thou'st seen that must excite thy wonder,
 Wakes not upon thy quick and startled sense
 The cannon's harsh and pealing voice of thunder?
 Our big canoes, with white and wide-spread wings,
 That sweep the waters, as birds sweep the sky;—
 Our steamboats, with their iron lungs, like things
 Of breathing life, that dash and hurry by?
 Or if thou scorn'st the wonders of the ocean,
 What think'st thou of our rail-road locomotion?
 Thou'st seen our Museums, beheld the dummies
 That grin in darkness in their coffin cases;
 What think'st thou of the art of making mummies,
 So that the worms shrink from their dry embraces?
 Thou'st seen the mimic tyrants of the stage
 Strutting, in paint and feathers, for an hour;
 Thou'st heard the bellowing of their tragic rage,
 Seen their eyes glisten, and their dark brows lower.
 Anon, thou'st seen them, when their wrath cool'd down,
 Pass in a moment from a king—to clown.

Thou see'st these things unmoved, say'st so, old fellow ?
 Then tell us, have the white man's glowing daughters
 Set thy cold blood in motion ? Has't been mellow
 By a sly cup or so of our fire waters ?
 They are thy people's deadliest poison. They
 First make them cowards, and then white men's slaves,
 And sloth, and penury, and passion's prey,
 And lives of misery, and early graves.
 For by their power, believe me, not a day goes,
 But kills some Foxes, Sacs, and Winnebagoes.

Say, does thy wandering heart stray far away ?
 To the deep bosom of thy forest home,
 The hill side, where thy young papposes play,
 And ask, amid their sports, when thou wilt come ?
 Come not the wailing of thy gentle squaws,
 For their lost warrior, loud upon thine ear,
 Piercing athwart the thunder of huzzas,
 That, yelled at every corner, meet thee here ?
 The wife who made that shell-decked wampum belt,
 Thy rugged heart must think of her, and melt.

Chafes not thy heart, as chafes the panting breast
 Of the caged bird against his prison bars,
 That thou, the crowned warrior of the west
 The victor of a hundred forest wars,
 Should'st in thy age, become a raree show
 Led, like a walking bear, about the town,
 A new-caught monster, who is all the go,
 And stared at gratis, by the gaping clown ?
 Boils not thy blood, while thus thou'rt led about,
 The sport and mockery of the rabble rout ?

Whence came thy cold philosophy ? whence came,
 Thou tearless, stern, and uncomplaining one,
 The power that taught thee thus to veil the flame
 Of thy fierce passions ? Thou despisest fun,
 And thy proud spirit scorns the white men's glee,
 Save thy fierce sport, when at the funeral pile,
 Of a bound warrior in his agony,
 Who meets thy horrid laugh with dying smile.
 Thy face, in length, reminds one of a Quaker's,
 Thy dances, too, are solemn as a Shaker's.

Proud scion of a noble stem ! thy tree
 Is blanched, and bare, and seared, and leafless now.
 I'll not insult its fallen majesty,
 Nor drive with careless hand, the ruthless plough
 Over its roots. Torn from its parent mould,
 Rich, warm, and deep, its fresh, free, balmy air,
 No second verdure quickens in our cold
 New, barren earth ; no life sustains it there.
 But even though prostrate, 'tis a noble thing,
 Though crownless, powerless, 'every inch a king.'

Give us thy hand, old nobleman of nature,
 Proud ruler of the forest aristocracy ;
 The best of blood glows in thy every feature,
 And thy curled lip speaks scorn for our democracy,
 Thou wear'st thy titles on that godlike brow ;
 Let him who doubts them, meet thine eagle eye,
 He'll quail beneath its glance, and disavow
 All question of thy noble family ;
 For thou may'st here become, with strict propriety,
 A leader in our city good society."

The Vignette to the New-York Book is highly creditable to MR. DICK, the engraver. But, though a tasteful thing in itself, we would have preferred something more characteristic and national.

Autumn Leaves. 1 volume. Taylor.

THIS, like the preceding work, is a compilation of fugitive pieces of poetry, selected, however, chiefly from foreign works, among which Blackwood's Magazine contributes a large number. The pieces are chosen with taste; and the work being handsomely printed, is already popular.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

[Having thrown this department of the Magazine into a new form, we intended to have allotted more space, and given a new character to the Monthly Commentary in our present number; but having unwittingly made the Critical Notices exceed their limits, we are compelled now to defer the contemplated improvements to another month.]

Theatricals.—Our Boston and Philadelphia readers, who are fond of the drama, are likely to enjoy a great treat soon in the performances of Miss Ellen Tree, who has been drawing overflowing houses at the Park Theatre for the last two weeks. The popularity of Hackett, the practical persuasiveness of the Ravel Family at the National, with the unrivalled but only half appreciated display of Mademoiselle Auguste at the Park, have all paled their attractions before this new star.

The first feeling upon witnessing Miss Ellen Tree's performances was rather one of disappointment; people had confounded her with her celebrated sister, and expected to be astonished where they were only to be delighted. But toward the close of her first performance, and upon each subsequent repetition, her style and appearance, not less than her acting, won so upon the taste and feeling of the audience that she has now become entrenched in their good will; and her handsome open countenance and queenly figure, her winning voice and plastic expression, have established her so firmly in the favour of a New-York audience, that we doubt not the same powers of pleasing will make her a favourite upon every stage in the Union where she may appear. The manager of the Park, in introducing the Keeleys and Miss Tree upon his boards, not to mention the other attractions which they have presented this autumn, has catered with his usual discrimination for the public taste. Mr. Macready, who has just arrived from England, will, we presume, before long make his appearance at this theatre. From the papers received by the vessel in which he arrived, we learn that Mr. Forest is carrying all before him in London. After winning the popular voice in what may be called his American characters, he has been subjected to the severest test of the British critics by playing the most difficult of Shakspeare's parts. The result has pleased but not surprised us. Though not *ultra* admirers of Mr. Forest's acting, since the second season of his appearance, we have always had the highest confidence in his talents as an actor; and we hailed a slight decline in his excessive popularity at his last engagement on the New-York boards as an indication of his having at last aimed successfully at the highest station in his art; of having subdued his too salient genius, and taught his masculine powers to tax themselves as well in the more delicate as in the energetic passages he enacted. Foreign travel, study, and the suggestions of his own matured taste have done for him what the plaudits of a too partial audience never could have effected. The country may be proud of having produced such a representative of Shakspeare; but the artist, though he may thank his mother soil for his genius, has only to thank himself for his skill. He has been a self-made man from the beginning.



THE MAID OF SARAGOZA.

New York Published by G. Hartorn.